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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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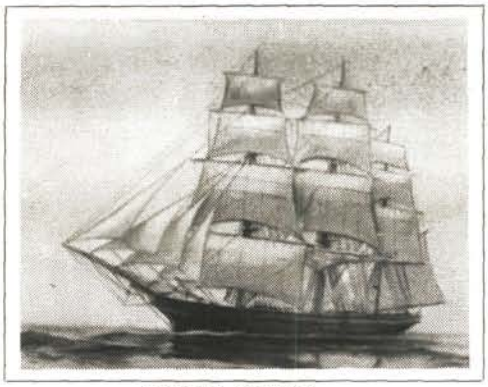

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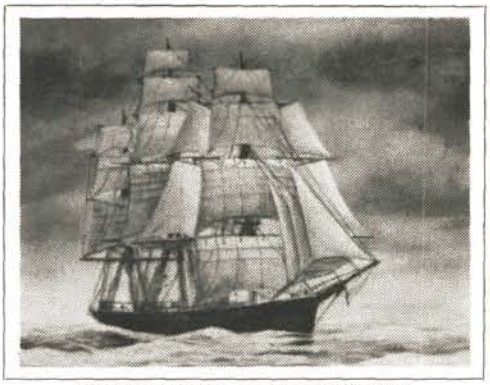

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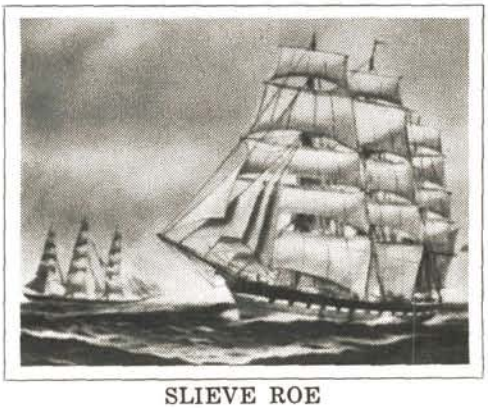

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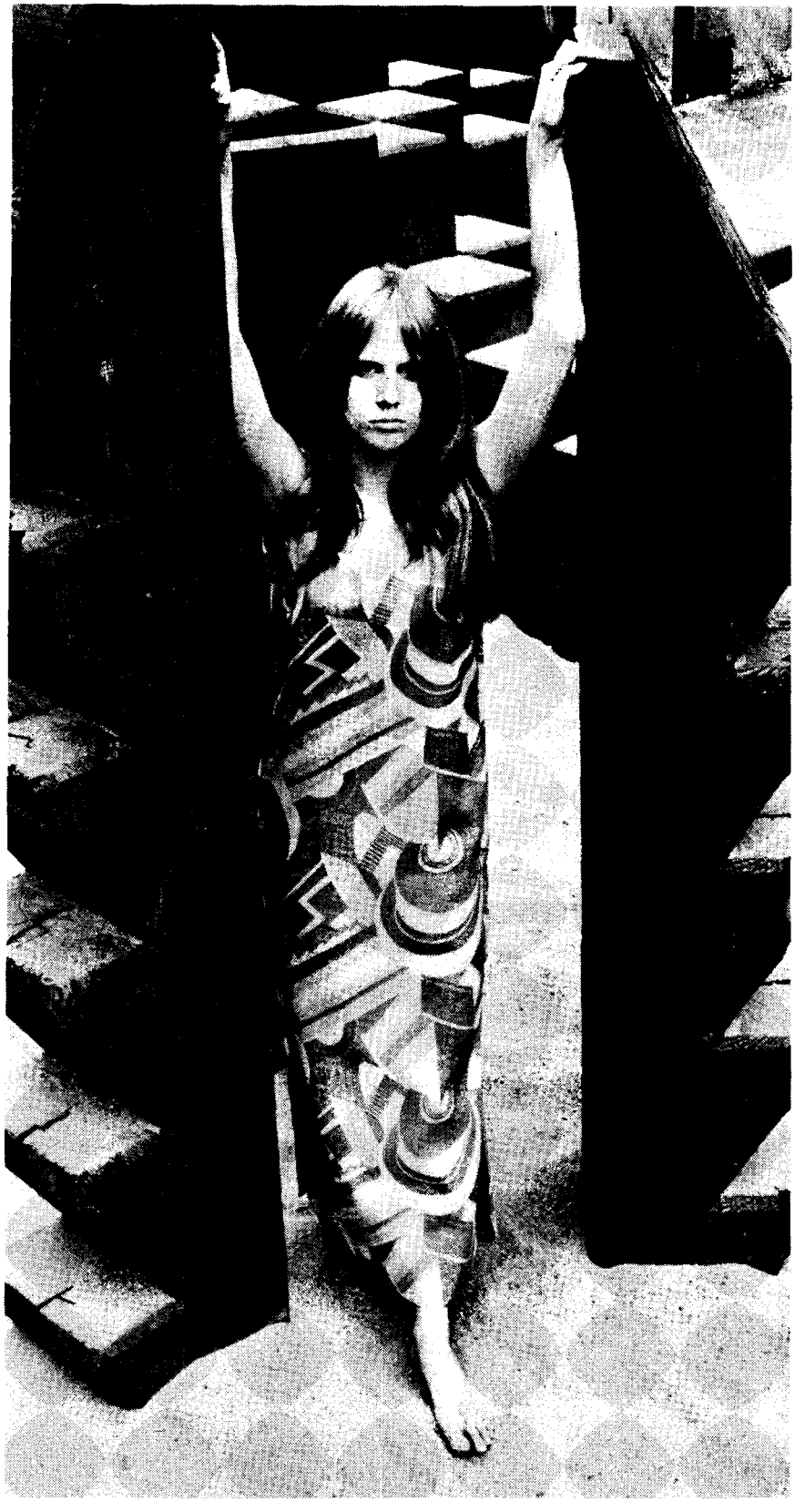

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Right to Privacy

★ Among eight Attorneys General of the United States from Tom Clark to Ramsey Clark, only one, the incumbent, has ever undertaken to curb the eavesdropping proclivities and practices of the FBI.

Every one of them, with the same single exception, has tacitly or explicitly authorized J. Edgar Hoover to exercise his own discretion in the use of microphones and other concealed listening devices for the discovery of all sorts of crime.

But Ramsey Clark put a stop to a number of prosecutions in which evidence had been obtained by illegal eavesdropping; he drafted, with the full support of the White House, an order forbidding all the investigating agencies of the federal government to employ mechanical or electronic listening devices except in cases directly involving national security; and he sponsored legislation – the Right of Privacy Act of 1967 – designed to curb rather than to extend eavesdropping.

Testifying in March before a Senate Judiciary subcommittee on the Right to Privacy Act, Clark said: "Privacy is after all the foundation of freedom and the source of individualism and personality." That sort of talk has often enough been heard from witnesses testifying for the American Civil Liberties Union; but it is unique from an Attorney General – and wonderfully refreshing. Having said it, Clark went on to add the ultimate heresy: "Public safety will not be found in wiretapping. Security is to be found in excellence in law enforcement, in courts and in corrections. That excellence has not been demonstrated to include wiretapping. Nothing so mocks privacy as the wiretap and electronic surveillance. They are incompatible with a free society and justified only when that society must protect itself from those who seek to destroy it."

Although the Right to Privacy Act goes a long way in the direction of protecting privacy from present snooping practices, it has a couple of major loopholes that are worrisome to libertarians. The exception made for national security can be stretched pretty wide. And wiretapping and bugging are not forbidden whenever one of the parties to a conversation gives consent to the surveillance. That leaves room for quite a lot of surreptitious recording by concealed devices.

At present the Right to Privacy Act is hung up in both chambers of Congress, suspended by the inveterate opposition of prosecutors and policemen who keep insisting that law enforcement will become impossible if they cannot detail a large portion of their scarce manpower to monitoring the telephone conversations of call girls, numbers operators and syndicate gamblers.

Guns and Riots

★ Another measure hung up on the Hill by protracted hearings is the President's proposal to impose some modest controls on the indiscriminate sale and shipment of firearms. Three and a half years after the assassination of President Kennedy by a man with a mail-order carbine, Congress has done nothing whatever to keep guns out of the hands of irresponsibles. That extraordinary unregistered lobby, the National Rifle Association, exploiting a widespread feeling among American males that a gun is the symbol of their masculinity, pertinaciously opposes any realistic restriction of firearm sales. And the cause of gun control is not much helped, to tell the truth, by the fact that its sponsor in the Senate is Senator Dodd of Connecticut. But Senators Edward Kennedy and Tydings have manfully carried on the fight.

Gun magazines continue to carry advertisements for mail-order gun bargains – a "Long Hot Summer Special" as one of them put it recently. And *The American Rifleman*, official organ of the NRA, in its July issue extols snipers – it has in mind military snipers, of course – and "relates how snipers have been changing the course of history." Earlier, the same magazine had declared editorially: "With homefront safeguards spotty and uncertain, the armed citizen represents a potential community stabilizer." Newark and Plainfield and Detroit all bear witness to the wisdom of making pistols, rifles and machine guns available.

While it did nothing to keep firearms out of the hands of rioters, the House of Representatives struck a stinging verbal blow at rioting in the form of an anti-riot bill which it passed 347 to 70. The idea behind it is that riots are caused not by misery, squalor, despair and alienation but by "outside agitators" who go from city to city inflaming the people to violence. It would fine or imprison anyone who travels in interstate commerce or who uses the mails with intent to "incite a riot or to organize, promote, encourage, or carry on a riot." What these terms mean, if they are not entirely redundant, no one can say. But it is obvious that they can be applied to any effort to rouse slum dwellers to an assertion of their constitutional rights.

It happens, not infrequently, that one chamber of Congress, in a frenzy, passes legislation patently ridiculous or unconstitutional with the expectation that the other chamber will be obliged to shoulder the burden of quashing it. That seems to have been the situation here. In the glow of arson from Newark, it was, perhaps, remarkable that as many as 70 congressmen had the hardihood to vote against the anti-riot bill, although a good many more must have recognized that it would be about as effectual in stopping a riot as in stopping a forest fire. The Senate, one hopes, will look at it in a less lurid light.

Note: The highly respected American Council on Education has urged the nation's colleges and universities to resist all future demands to open students' records to investigating agencies of the government. This was aimed especially at the House Committee on Un-American Activities. When will the House of Representatives realize how prevalent the contempt for this inquisitorial body has become?

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Blow-Up in the Cities

"It's not the 'agitators' who blow up. It's us, all over the place, the colored people who say it's too late for us to wait and wait when nothing comes anyway." That's a 24-year-old Bostonian talking. He doesn't have a job, though he has tried often enough to get one. He never finished high school. He belongs to no civil rights organization. He crossed no state line to get to the riot he joined. "Every black man knows he's not really wanted, just put up with, and given the salad while Whitey eats the turkey. So we're all one, by being black, that's why we get hot in the summer and try to break out, and break in, or something, even if we're in Iowa, like the papers say, it's all over the same. I'm just living here, and when I heard the police was doing what they was, I said to myself, they're sticking another knife into us, and if we try to defend ourselves they call us animals, so I'd better go fight. . . . I mean fight beside my brothers. . . . so I just went there, and the action was going on, and that's how I got into it. There was lots of us there – must have been a thousand they said. And inside our people said 'good.' They didn't want the damage and the hurt, but they wanted to tell Whitey off, even if they couldn't do it themselves. Answers? I don't know. That's your job. You know what's needed, and you probably say it can't be done now, because there are other things that are wanting your money. Well, you go believe that; but don't expect us to, and don't be surprised when we don't."

So combat areas multiply as more and more Negroes pile into the cities, which more and more look like overcrowded prisons: in 1965, Watts; in 1966, Chicago, Cicero, Harlem; in 1967, Newark, Detroit, Minneapolis; Plainfield, New Jersey; Hartford, Conn.; Kansas City, Mo.; Waterloo, Iowa; Cambridge, Maryland. As of two years ago, a third of 20 million Negroes were living in 12 metropolitan areas in the North and West, and in each city the story is the same – "wait and wait when nothing comes anyway." We can now see that the mass protests of the early and middle sixties and the response of the Congress were only dimly relevant to the lives of most Negroes. The cities in which they are penned up are not theirs; their neighborhoods are sordid enclaves. They don't have jobs (the Negro unemployment rate has been averaging double that of the whites); they have rotten schools, rotten housing, poor sanitary facilities and public services; they are cheated, looked down on, and they blame the only one there is to blame – The Man who runs things. The Montgomery bus boy-

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cott in 1955; the lunch counter sit-ins of the early sixties; the march on Washington during the summer of '63; the two civil rights bills of '64 and '65 and the voting rights bill of '66 were all successes. But today they appear beside the point. They had an important symbolic meaning, particularly to an unsettled "moderate" white conscience; it was something for whites and Negroes to get together and attack the legal and most visible vestiges of the segregated society. But they weren't enough; they were barely a beginning. The rioting Negro today confronts American society with its own deep decay, far more serious than any deprivation of legal rights. Negro America is slum country – a foreign country not seen on TV, banished from white consciousness wherever possible. Its inhabitants are outsiders. The rage, the hatred that smoulders in the ghetto has yet to be adequately represented in the decisions of government on any level.

Terrifying as the looting, the shooting and the arson are, they could mean a gain for the nation if, as a result, white America were shocked into looking at itself, its cities, its neglect. If the Negro rebellion forced us to face our smugness and evasions, the violence of these past weeks would have served some constructive purpose. But no such reaction has been forthcoming. There has not been a word, for example, from the national leadership of the Republican Party that would suggest how complicit white America is in the rioting. From General Eisenhower down, these leaders have sought reassurance in fantasy – the fantasy that believes order is to be found at the end of a nightstick, that a few agitators are the cause of the discontent, that the remedy is to find them and punish them. The Republicans hint of conspiracy – not the white conspiracy to defraud and depress the ghetto people, but the conspiracy of "criminals." Senator Dirksen wants an investigation "to see if there is a touch of red" behind the riots. The Republican Leader in the House, Gerald Ford, "can't help but believe there is in the background some national plan." They do not grasp at all the fact that law and order are the consequence of domestic tranquillity, not the other way 'round.

President Johnson has not been that foolish, but he and the spokesmen for the Democratic Party are nonetheless accomplices in this national crime of evasion. A commitment without cause to Vietnam has obsessed them; the ghetto has paid the price. Who, if not the President, should have made it his first order of business to require the nation to understand what Negroes endure, and go on from there to enlist the nation in a massive attack on squalor? Instead of first things first, it has been first things second or third or not at all. In June of this year, the President said he was "trying to do everything he can in cooperation with the cities, the counties, the states and the private employers to minimize the tensions that exist." Everything? Congress "promptly and generously" appropriated $75-million in special funds for summer programs for the cities. A few weeks later, the President was boasting to the Junior Chamber of Commerce that "our prosperity is second to none anywhere in the world." The Jaycees cheered; it seemed true to them.

Neither the fear of riots then nor the fact of riots now has shaken our complacency. Not one influential white politician has yet responded to the slogan "Black Power" with anything other than indignation and derision. All the demogogic skills of a Stokely Carmichael have been more than equalled by repeated allusions in the press and on platforms to "racism in reverse" and "black supremacists," as if the country were determined to confirm what Mr. Carmichael in *The New Republic* last year called "the American capacity for self-delusion." The most destructive element in the "Black Power" movement has been publicized; the best, the most hopeful, has been ignored. The worst element – and it does not lead to power but to impotence – is the cry for revenge. It is the shout of the head of SNCC in Cambridge, Maryland: "Burn this town down . . . when you tear down the white man, brother, you are hitting him in the money. Don't love him to death. Shoot him to death." But that is not black America speaking, and the cruelest irony is that the violence such talk triggers reduces not the white, but the poor Negro to ruin. "Burn this town down" is the shout of the angry, exalted young Brown Shirt, called by blood to smash the shops of "non-Aryans." It leads to madness.

What is encouraging about the still unformed Black Power movement, however, is the emergence of Negro awareness and responsibility, the determination to do things, not wait for others to do them, not accept the bought leadership with which ghettos have been saddled. An enlightened white leadership would encourage every sign of pride within the Negro community, foster every move for self-policing, self-help. For Black Power can mean jobs, businesses, homes, schools, neighborhoods and politicians which black Americans can claim for their own and in which they can take pride. When it gets above and beyond a shrill talkathon to practical political organization, Black Power could prove a blessing.

The collapse in meaningful communication between the two races will be hard to restore. Rioting, the head of the Urban League in Washington, D. C. said the other day, is just a "low form of communication by people who seek to get a response from a society that seems to be deaf to their needs." Up to now, the Negroes who have been consulted by "the power structure" were the civil rights leaders who are respectable middle class, and therefore (through no fault of their

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own) out of touch with the street leaders who say: Why don't people *ask* us, instead of *telling* us.

But white America will not be ready to communicate with the ghettos, and especially the young in the ghettos, until it regains its moral balance. Then we shall appreciate the absurdity, the barbarity of an economic system capable of creating entirely new technologies to place a man on the moon in a single decade and ordering its priorities to expend $40 billion to accomplish this feat, meanwhile finding itself unable to make available $40 million to begin reducing the rat population that plagues large cities. A military industrial system capable of producing and spending more than $2 million an hour prosecuting a little understood war in South Vietnam is the very system that responds to riots by putting forth a meaningless anti-riot act. Unless and until the American political system gets its priorities in perspective and puts at least the same resources, technologies and concern into a truly harmonious multi-racial society as it has put into landing a man on the moon or making Asia "safe for democracy," there will be no end to riots.

But judging by past performance no such national commitment is likely – not until New York, Chicago or Los Angeles is brought to an indefinite standstill by a well-organized guerrilla action against the white establishment. If that happens, and it may be inevitable, there will be accusations, as there are now, of communist organizers at work, and the gap between white and black will widen further. But those whose eyes are open to realities will know that no political or economic ideology could have had the force to move people with such desperation as three centuries of dehumanization. The answer does not lie with the national guard or federal troops or anti-riot legislation or handouts, but in a national decision to emancipate the ghetto, and not by proclamation alone. Urban America needs a Marshall Plan, lavishly financed, planned and carried out by blacks and whites. The Negro wants white America to match his impatience, to become engaged. But white America is engaged elsewhere. It has yet to see that it is not American withdrawal from Vietnam that is dishonorable, but withdrawal from the struggle in our streets.

Kill for Peace

Robert McNamara was recently moved to note that the "absence of gun control legislation is not only unreasonable; it is an open and permanent invitation to violence and disorder." Meanwhile back at the Pentagon, his deputy assistant, Henry J. Kuss, has been arranging arms sales of $2 billion annually. Congress has been under the impression that these sales were to NATO countries to offset US military spending there and thus improve the balance of payments. Imagine its surprise when it learned that we are underwriting arms races among underdeveloped countries.

The Pentagon set about constructing the credit arrangements for these poor countries in most discreet fashion. Credit financing for military assistance was authorized in 1957; a "revolving account" was approved by Congress in 1961; a mere 25 percent credit margin okayed in 1964; finally, the account was built up by small yearly increments to $383 million. Result: the Defense Department could finance $1.5 billion in arms sales. And fortunately DoD had a friend at the Export-Import Bank. Founded for the purpose of financing economic development, almost 40 percent of the bank's business is now in arms sales.

When it approved the credit financing, Congress knew not what it had done, and neither Defense nor the Exim Bank was inclined to enlighten it. In the last two years, $591 million in loans to non-industrial countries have been made through the Exim Bank's "country-x" arrangements, which have left bank administrators officially ignorant of the recipients and congressmen ignorant of the loans' very existence. Another $60 million in regular loans have been listed in the bank's report to congressional committees as "miscellaneous expenditures." By such devices, DoD has circumvented the legislative ceiling of $50 million in grant military aid and $30 million in sales to Latin America. In these countries, Henry Kuss has been doing a brisk business in helicopters for "counter-insurgency," the a la mode word for counter-revolution.

The Administration has repeatedly said it favors arms control, especially in underdeveloped regions. But the aggregate of US military grant and sales to all nations is now $3 billion a year, compared to a rate closer to $2 billion a year in the late fifties. For underdeveloped countries, the aggregate in 1966 was $750-million ($300 million grants, $450 million sales), more than double the 1962 figure. Sales to these countries account for virtually all of the increase and now represent 20 percent of the overall sales program.

The excuse of the shady operator is usually: if I don't do it, someone else will. Realists that they are, policy makers note that the arms trade, once a US-British monopoly, has gone international, and has thus passed out of their hands and out of control. This competition, however, is partially a result of the US underselling European munitions makers in their own markets. After buying American F-111 jets, the British promptly sold their own Lightnings to Saudi Arabia. Oftimes, these resale items are also American material on which the State Department claims veto control through "end-use" agreements. Case in point: after the India-Pakistan war, the State Department pro-

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claimed an embargo of American arms shipments to the area. Shortly thereafter, ninety F-86's showed up in Pakistan. They had been made in Canada under a licensing agreement (conferring US end-use control), sold to the government of West Germany, thence to Merex, a German firm which shipped them to Iran which transferred them to Pakistan. The State Department declined to blame West Germany (although the planes were flown by Luftwaffe pilots) and disclaimed foreknowledge although, according to private arms trader Samuel Cummings, the final destination of the planes was "common knowledge" in Europe at the time. "The clearest print," Cummings likes to say, "cannot be read through a gold eagle."

While the Administration has always tried to "balance" opposing foreign military establishments (and in the process strengthen them), this policy acquired special urgency after the debut of the Soviet Union into the arms trade. So, State Department spokesmen claim that Jordan must be shored up against Nasserite (and thus Soviet) subversion. But this same American military aid enabled Jordan to join up with Egypt to fight Israel. Iran, which originally received aid because of ostensible Soviet threats, now gets economic and military assistance from the Soviets. Defense Department officials hinted darkly of "unsettling influences in the Persian Gulf generally," but most unsettling of all would be not making a sale. In any case, they assume that military assistance in the form of grant and sales confers influence if not control, which shows how little they have learned from Russian experience. Russian-equipped military establishments overthrew pro-Soviet Sukarno in Indonesia, Ben Bella in Algeria, and Nkrumah in Ghana.

Aroused by the staff report of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee (*NR*, Feb. 11), subsequent committee hearings, and the detailed exposition of *The New York Times*, Congress may discontinue the revolving fund as the Church amendment provides, and declare the Exim Bank off-limits as desired by Rep. Henry Reuss. It must also consider re-purchasing 7000 American tanks in Europe (10 times the total involved in the Middle East war) which will become available for resale in the near future. The maintenance of these tanks contributed to the $1 billion in profits which American armaments industries have realized off of arms sales in the last five years.

Keep the Faith Baby

"There are some definitely encouraging elements. The ratio of casualties between Government and Viet Cong forces, the ratio of arms captured or lost between the two sides, the steady extension of the strategic-hamlet program, the increasingly effective work of the Montagnards along the border areas – all those indicate some turning in the situation."

– Dean Rusk, February 1, 1963

"The momentum of the Communist drive has been stopped." *– Dean Rusk, February 13, 1963*

"The South Vietnamese themselves are fighting their own battle, fighting well." *– Dean Rusk, April 18, 1963*

"There is a good basis for encouragement. The Vietnamese are on their way to success and need our help; not just our material help – they need that – but our sympathetic understanding and comradeship."

– Dean Rusk, April 22, 1963

"Secretary McNamara and General Taylor reported their judgment that the major part of the US military task can be completed by the end of 1965, although there may be a continuing requirement for a limited number of US training personnel."

– White House statement, October 2, 1963

"We believe that the present [Saigon] regime has moved promptly to consolidated public effort, that they will be able to resolve some of the internal difficulties that grew up, and that there will be a possibility that the people of that country will move in greater unity on behalf of the total effort."

– Dean Rusk, November 8, 1963

"I think the resources and capabilities are there to get this job done on the present basis of assistance to the Vietnamese so that they themselves can handle this problem primarily with their own effort."

– Dean Rusk, February 24, 1964

"I think they [the Viet Cong] have very serious problems – not only in fact, in terms of losses, disruptions, but in terms of morale. So I am not pessimistic about the situation." *– Dean Rusk, July 1, 1964*

". . . Small numbers of the US personnel will be able to return by the end of this year."

– Robert McNamara, November 19, 1963

"I am hopeful we can bring back additional numbers of men. I say this because I personally believe this is a war the Vietnamese must fight. . . . I don't believe we can take on that combat task for them."

– Robert NcNamara, Feb. 3, 1964

"I think on balance the number [US training personnel needed in Vietnam] is not likely to increase sub-

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stantially." – *Robert McNamara, May 14, 1964*

"The most vital impression I'm bringing back [from Vietnam] is that we've stopped losing the war."
– *Robert McNamara, Nov. 30, 1965*

"We are beginning to see some signs of success of this strategy. The Viet Cong monsoon offensive, which we know from captured documents it was their intention to carry out during the period of May to October, has not materialized because of Westmoreland's tactics of carrying out spoiling operations based on intelligence he has received as to concentrations of Viet Cong. . . . The number of defections this year has doubled compared to the past year. No doubt this is a sign of erosion of morale."
– *Dean Rusk, Aug. 25, 1966*

"I do believe that one basis for optimism is that the other side must surely now understand that they are not going to succeed in seizing South Vietnam by force." – *Dean Rusk, Jan. 1, 1967*

"I think we have seen some very favorable signs that we are making headway on the military side, but that does not mean that the war is just about over. . . . I must say that I have been impressed by the doubling of the rate of defectors from the other side."
– *Dean Rusk, Apr. 16, 1967*

"During the past year tremendous progress has been made. . . . We have pushed the enemy farther and farther back into the jungles. . . . The ARVN troops are fighting much better than they were a year ago. . . . The number of defectors coming into the government has substantially increased. The ratio of enemy personnel killed to those killed by the enemy continues to increase. . . . It has doubled during the past year. . . . We have succeeded in attaining our objectives. . . . The enemy has not won a single, significant victory during the past year, despite the tremendous effort that he has put forth."
– *Gen. Westmoreland, July 13, 1967*

"Suffice it for me to say that we are generally pleased with the progress we have made militarily. We are very sure that we are on the right track."
– *President Johnson, July 13, 1967*

"The other side is hurting, and they are hurting very badly." – *Dean Rusk, July 19, 1967*

[Since last October] "substantial progress has been made in the political, economic and military area."
– *Robert McNamara, July 21, 1967*

Off-Base Housing

The Defense Department maintains that when a soldier cannot find a place to live near his base because he is a Negro, the harm done to his "welfare and morale" will also damage his "military effectiveness." Thus, by indirection, the Department rationalizes its jurisdiction in matters of off-base discrimination. Since 1963 Secretary McNamara has told his subordinates to oppose discrimination "on every occasion, while fostering equal opportunity." But the logistics of this campaign were left deliberately ambiguous. And Negroes still have not been able to find places to live. A recent canvass showed that only three percent of 22,000 housing units within commuting distance of Andrews Air Force base near Washington were integrated; Negroes stationed at Ft. Meade, Maryland, had, in certain cases, to go 48 miles to find housing.

Last April 11 Deputy Defense Secretary Cyrus Vance reiterated DoD's good intentions in a memo to the service secretaries: cost-benefit analysis had disclosed that not enough fostering of equal opportunity had been done; military effectiveness was still impaired. So, the Department would "reduce the incidence" of civilian housing discrimination through "affirmative action programs" seeking "voluntary adoption" of open housing policies. What did that mean? It meant that base commanders would take a census of housing near their installations to find out who discriminates. Those who exclude Negroes would no longer be listed by base housing directories. Commanding officers would visit offending landlords to proselytize fair play. The census-taking was to be completed by July 15. However, Mr. McNamara decided not to wait until then to take genuinely "affirmative action." He declared all segregated apartments and trailer communities near Ft. Meade and Andrews off limits (see "McNamara's Negroes," *NR*, May 6). The new directive, which McNamara should now apply to every military installation in the US, will put segregationist landlords under telling economic pressure. When a military family moves off-base, or from one apartment to another, it must be to an apartment with a stated, documented open-housing policy.

Cut-Rate California

At a recent meeting of the University of California Regents, Ronald Reagan said: "I'm not darn fool enough to start out as governor with a statement that I am out to destroy the University of California." Nonetheless, he has made a pretty good start.

Last year the University of California budget was

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$728.9 million. About one third of this came from the state; the remainder was made up of federal funds, gifts, and income from various university enterprises.

When Reagan finished cutting up this year's budget, state support fell by $10 million, to $230.7 million. Last year there were 84,000 students; next fall there will be at least 91,000. The legislature had approved money to pay an additional 321 professors to teach them; Reagan sliced the number to 156. A seven-and-a-half percent faculty pay raise approved by the legislature was cut to five percent and a five percent raise for next year was eliminated. UC salaries rank 42nd in the nation. The governor has suggested that it is the weather that keeps the university staffed.

The state is also reducing university research by $2.8-million, which means the loss of 250 jobs. Three quarters of this cut will be absorbed by basic research; applied agricultural research is only slightly pruned. The $2.8 million intended for university hospitals and medical schools has been eliminated, which means that less-than-full-paying patients (previously admitted because a UC official said: "it is important for medical students to study a wider range of diseases") will be turned away from medical centers in San Francisco, San Diego and Los Angeles. Reagan also halved the budget for University Extension, an adult education program with 218,000 enrollees last year.

"The university can live without new programs for one year, but it cannot do so much longer than that," the UC vice president, Charles Hitch, has said. In order to raise the needed cash, the Regents have tried to come up with a few part-time jobs for the university: it could earn $5 million by selling its agricultural services, or it could up Extension fees for the physicians and lawyers still left in the program. And although it would violate a UC-private college treaty, there could be fund-raising drives. Or, it was suggested, the Regents could charge admission to the libraries.

The Fallen Courier

Campus Courier, a *Reader's Digest* production, closed out of town last month after one preview performance. The critics thought it was dreadful. The bi-weekly had been scheduled to premiere on 50 or so college campuses this fall, a period piece circa 1957. But the critics were all too young to remember the years when civil rights had neither come nor gone as a subject for student concern, when there was no Vietnam war and no draft protests, when nice people didn't smoke grass and long hair was for girls. *Campus Courier*, a magazine supplement to college papers, was dated.

The *Digest* sells very well on campuses (its 17,111,-440 total circulation puts it just between Jackie Gleason and Lawrence Welk when ranked among the top ten TV shows). But many college editors felt that one *Digest*, with its how to and can do articles, is enough. And anyway, they suspected the magazine would lose them money. They didn't like the veiled threat by National Educational Advertising Services, the *Digest* subsidiary and ad agency for more than 900 campus papers that was to package the *Courier*, that it just might withdraw ads from papers that didn't take the magazine ("Digest That!" *NR*, April 29). U. S. Rubber planned to advertise in the *Courier;* it would also advertise in papers which subscribed to the *Courier;* it, or NEAS as its agent, might deny advertising to those which did not. It smacked too much of blackmail.

Although NEAS managed to corral barely enough newspaper subscribers to meet its guarantee to advertisers, the magazine flopped. This summer's prototype issue of the *Courier* will be one of a kind.

The 100 Days of Betty Furness

Lyndon Johnson established the Office of Special Assistant for Consumer Affairs in 1964, and invested it with no powers whatever. Esther Peterson, who was asked to quit – for improvising power and thereby upsetting business and advertising, was an unfortunate initial choice on the part of the President. But Betty Furness, who was sworn in May 1, is made for the job. She readily admits that her sole qualification for the job was "that I was asked," and believes that executive powers "are unnecessary; I don't want any."

Betty Furness talks through three "hats": she is Special Assistant, Chairman of the Committee on Consumer Interests (made up mostly of cabinet members), and Chairman of the Consumer Advisory Council (which hasn't had any members since June, 1966).

"I have no program yet," said Betty Furness last week. She does plan an extensive speaking tour of the "grass roots" (chambers of commerce and women's clubs). Naturally, she has had to make up for spending the last 20 years in show biz with a little research into consumer affairs. For instance, she will be getting married August 15.

President Johnson has chosen wisely and carefully. It appears he is finally safe from the troublemaking likes of an Esther Peterson, now that Betty Furness occupies the suite of offices of the Special Assistant. Right next door to the offices of Hubert Humphrey. When Betty Furness met Johnson for the first time ("actually, I met him in '64 when I was a Citizen for Johnson, but I'm sure he didn't remember me") he told her: "I want you to tell the consumer that his government cares about him." "You don't refuse a President," said Betty Furness.

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Thirty-Five Miles from Saigon

A Kind of Co-existence With the Viet Cong

Phuoc Vinh

Only 35 miles northeast of Saigon, War Zone D is perhaps the oldest Viet Cong stronghold in South Vietnam. It sprawls over 700 square miles of uninhabited tropical forests and thorny bushes contained on three sides by the swift Song Be and Dong Nai Rivers, by abandoned highway 14 on the other. The humid fastness of War Zone D has been a training area for Viet Cong guerrillas recruited from the densely populated Mekong Delta provinces. Viet Cong battalions in the area have periodically raided South Vietnamese district capitals on the periphery of Zone D. Two years ago this month, the Viet Cong nearly captured the Special Forces camp at Dong Xoai, on the northern fringe of Zone D.

Fifteen years ago, the French carried out infantry sweeps in the same area. Five years ago, it was South Vietnamese paratroopers. Today, it is the turn of American heliborne troops, with the same results.

On July 27 guerrillas used a new rocket against Phuoc Vinh. This June, Phuoc Vinh was mortared for three consecutive nights and 17 helicopters were damaged on the 1st Brigade's airstrip, following which a Special Forces "Sigma Company" got into a vicious scrap with two Viet Cong battalions 20 miles north of Phuoc Vinh which were protecting the base camp of the battle-hardened Viet Cong 271st Regiment. It managed to extricate itself after losing the best part of a platoon of Cambodian and Chinese mercenaries. Colonel William B. Caldwell III, who commands the 1st (Black Spade) Brigade, says: "This has been Charley's country for a long time."

I helicoptered to Phuoc Vinh and hardly recognized the once sleepy provincial capital that I had visited five years ago – when no American soldier was in sight. To reach Phuoc Vinh by car in 1962, I had talked my way through a Viet Cong checkpoint. Only 500 yards away, a Vietnamese 5th Division convoy rumbled along a dirt road in vain pursuit of the enemy. Today, the surrounding War Zone D is Charley's more than ever. No one, unless he has a strong heart and is willing to pay a Viet Cong toll fee of 1,000 piastres ($8.50), rides Road 16 to Saigon anymore. Every month or so, the 1st Brigade sends troops, tanks and artillery to reopen the road for its convoys – a major operation involving four to five battalions of US infantry, for the Viet Cong Phu Loi battalion is nearby. Blown-up bridges are repaired for the day.

An airstrip large enough to accommodate noisy four-engined C-130's and the helicopters of an army aviation battalion known as "The Vultures" has been built by US army engineers at Phuoc Vinh. Even Air Vietnam's vintaged C-47's occasionally land here with officials and rice. The well-laid-out camp of the "Black Spade" 1st Brigade covers acres of red soil. There is a medical company, an ice plant, a US army community center staffed by two pretty American girls and a Red Cross worker; and even a brigade radio station, manned by 22-year-old Mike Papale, a former disk jockey from San Antonio's KONO radio station. The hit tune among Phuoc Vinh's 5,000 healthy servicemen is "No Good to Cry" by the Wild Weeds. The half-dozen young Vietnamese waitresses passing excellent hamburgers at the officers club are well coiffed, flirtatious. Some, such as 18-year-old Le Nghi, are daughters of local hamlet officials. They earn twice as much, serving Americans, as their fathers serving the Saigon government. Of the 15,000 Vietnamese in the district (45 percent Catholics), 700 work for the Americans at such good wages that nearly a thousand plantation workers idled by the "accidental" defoliation of their rubber trees by American aircraft have applied for work. Every day, the US medical company treats, free of charge, 40 Vietnamese patients.

Phuoc Vinh has been downgraded to the status of district capital, presumably because most of the surrounding real estate is controlled by the Viet Cong. A new officer, the short, stocky Major Luu Yem, 38, rules over the district with the help of some 800, rather passive provincial troops. Three of the largest hamlets a few miles south of Phuoc Vinh are under Viet Cong administration.

Not long ago, the Americans at Phuoc Vinh were alerted by a Vietnamese sergeant that guerrillas were roaming around the key bridge spanning the Song Be River, five miles south of Phuoc Vinh. The sergeant then hurriedly returned to the bridge to command his own men. Twenty minutes later, an American platoon dispatched to the scene discovered the sergeant on the bridge, his throat nearly severed by a knife. Evacuated by "dust-off" helicopter to the nearest US army hospital, the Vietnamese sergeant, fearing for the life of his wife and children, refused to say which of his own men tried to kill him. American officers are reconciled to the fact that in the nearby village of Binh Co, the local ARVN outpost coexists with Viet Cong officials who rule the villagers. Said one US officer, "A status quo of sorts has been achieved and the hamlet does not give us trouble."

Tan Binh, largest hamlet of the district with 2,534 inhabitants, remains under Viet Cong control, and no

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effort is made to change the situation. American officers never leave camp without an armed escort and have little contact with Vietnamese who are not camp followers. Small groups of guerrillas ring the camp at night, laying an occasional claymore mine or a booby trap on tracks traveled by US sentries manning the listening posts. Only the Catholic villages immediately west of Phuoc Vinh are considered "pacified."

To earn the goodwill of villagers, the brigade's S-5 (civil affairs) officer provides rice and financial assistance to six local Vietnamese priests. Avoiding partisan politics, the brigade – at the suggestion of the district chief – has pledged its assistance to the construction of a large Buddhist temple. But the resident Buddhist monk seems to expect that Americans will do all the work themselves. Says Captain Larry Walton, 35, from Columbus, Georgia, the brigade's able civil affairs officer, "The locals expect our aid as something due to them. They are not grateful for it. They fight among themselves every time we distribute relief commodities."

Still Phuoc Vinh has changed. A new *ville* with broad, if unpaved, avenues lined by freshly painted shops has sprouted from the ground. Every evening after chow, when the brigade is not on an operation, the *ville* is invaded by hundreds of young GI's staggering from one beer parlor to the next. For the more sophisticated there are fairly good restaurants (German, Chinese and French food), spanking new barber shops with manicure attendants, steam baths and even pretty masseuses. There are tailor shops, laundries and bazaars filled with the wares that soldiers in the field need; from boot polish to bright red Vietnamese candles. Some shops are owned by local officials' wives, but business is so brisk that Chinese merchants from Saigon have flocked to Phuoc Vinh. No one is more apprehensive than Phuoc Vinh's shopkeepers when the GI's leave their camp to fight the Viet Cong. As one put it to me, "I might lose some good customers."

Without the arrival of a US brigade, Phuoc Vinh undoubtedly would have been abandoned by the Saigon government – as other positions in the nearby Zone D have been. On the other hand, it is difficult to see what the preservation of Phuoc Vinh as a government-held enclave contributes to the war.

The great majority of Vietnamese officials have never been there, have no desire to go. The rubber plantations are deserted. The lumber trade is moribund. To become a camp follower or a Viet Cong seems the only choice offered the peasant. Security in the countryside is making no progress, mainly because Americans cannot be everywhere at the same time: in the villages and in War Zone D. American officers must choose between pacification and large-scale mobile operations against Viet Cong regiments and battalions. There will never be enough Americans to accomplish both missions concurrently.

FRANCOIS SULLY

Air Accidents

by James Ridgeway

The collision at Asheville, North Carolina, between a Boeing 727 and a small private plane, in which 82 people were killed, was the fifth major air accident this year. Airports are overcrowded; air controllers are overworked and hard pressed to keep track of the 2,000 commercial airliners and 100,000 private planes that dart in and out from air fields. (There are 50 reported near misses each month, and this doesn't include the narrow escapes pilots don't report for fear of disciplinary action.) Congress held two sets of secret hearings into air safety this spring; this assured that the basic safety issues were kept quiet. Last week Harley Staggers, chairman of the House Commerce Committee, held an open hearing into air safety – a publicity show for the committee members, which made it seem as if they were doing something.

At the bottom of the mess is the Federal Aviation Administration. It is part of the Department of Transportation and run by an ex-air force general, William F. McKee. The FAA is understaffed and doesn't get enough money to implement technological advances in air control. Even so, McKee scarcely makes the best of what he's got to work with. Here are examples of the sorts of things that go on there:

In late March, 18 people were killed and 40 others injured when a Delta DC8 crashed while landing at New Orleans. The plane was on a training flight with an FAA inspector aboard. In accordance with FAA flight testing procedures, it was coming in to land with two of the four engines out. The idea is to see how well a pilot handles the jet under these adverse conditions. Since the accident, the FAA has modified its

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rules somewhat and now a pilot can qualify by coming in with one engine out. The FAA says it encourages airlines to run these tests away from airports located in the more densely populated parts of cities.

On occasion, commercial airlines will take care of stranded customers by sending them along on a chartered air taxi of which there are 3,518 in operation. There is nothing in FAA regulations to prohibit this, even though safety regulations over air taxis are much less strict than those for the airlines. Air taxis aren't required to carry co-pilots; they need not have radar; they often don't weigh the baggage; they don't have any safety requirements covering evacuation in emergencies.

On April 3, a Piedmont Airlines flight to Louisville broke down in Roanoke, Virginia. Piedmont chartered two air taxis operated by Lexington Air Taxi, Inc., to carry 13 passengers stranded in Lexington to Louisville. Eight of the passengers got into a twin-engine Beech aircraft. It climbed to two hundred feet after take-off, went into a spin and crashed, killing the pilot and all passengers. The Civil Aeronautics Board, which investigates air accidents, subsequently held a hearing. There was speculation that the plane might have been overloaded or improperly balanced. The Piedmont employees testified they never weighed the baggage. Equipment aboard the plane had been modified, but the FAA never had inspected the aircraft and therefore couldn't say whether the modification affected the plane's ability to fly. The dead pilot had failed a recent flight check. Evidence was introduced which suggested the plane might have carried the wrong owner's manual, thereby giving the pilot wrong information about the plane. Charles H. Driver, senior FAA inspector at the regional office in Louisville, said the FAA regulations required inspection of air taxis. But the regulations don't say *how often* the taxis must be inspected, and they don't stipulate that *all* the air taxi operators' planes must be inspected, just some of them. Or at least that's the way Driver reads the regulations. In the case of Lexington Air Taxi, the FAA inspectors had looked it over when it applied for a permit, neglecting in their reports to note such things as whether the planes had fire extinguishers.

When General McKee was asked by a member of the Staggers committee why he didn't upgrade safety regulations on air taxis, he said, in effect, that the government must take care not to put too heavy an economic burden on the operators of these little planes lest they be forced out of business.

The FAA had no safety regulations governing evacuation of airplanes before September, 1963, when it issued a directive on the subject. Assuming that in a crash, half the exits will be blocked, the FAA requires the airlines to demonstrate that all passengers can get through half the exits in two minutes. (This means 94 people in a 727 scrambling through three doors.) To show this can be done, the airlines often round up their employees and put them in the planes. When ordered to do so, the employees run out the exits as fast as they can.

If past experience is any guide, two minutes are not enough. In November, 1964, for example, a TWA pilot was gunning his 707 down the runway of the Rome airport to take-off, when he had engine trouble. He successfully aborted the take-off, and brought the plane to a standstill with everyone inside alive. Some 20 seconds after the plane halted, there were explosions and fires. Of the 73 people on board, 49 couldn't get out in time and died. Survivors complained they couldn't get the emergency doors open because the seats got in the way. When an emergency door is opened a chute is supposed to open and you slide down it to the ground. In Rome, the chutes burned up.

Nothing was done to improve evacuation procedures or the interior structures of planes after this accident. A little more than a year went by, and a United 727 crash landed at Salt Lake City. All of the 85 passengers were alive when the plane came to a stop. But 41 died of smoke and fire because they couldn't get out. All emergency doors were used, but it nonetheless took 25 to 30 minutes to rescue two men and a stewardess who were pounding on the fuselage to get out. These two accidents alone ought to have alerted the FAA to the need to improve evacuation techniques and interior structure.

By contrast, Congress was horrified when three astronauts were asphyxiated and died in a fire on the launch pad as they lay strapped in their Apollo space capsule. Under the NASA safety regulations, they had between 60 and 90 seconds to get out of the capsule, but it was too late. Now NASA has redesigned the escape hatch, so it will open in two seconds. The men can be free in less than 30 seconds.

Some sort of height-finding equipment would help pilots avoid mid-air collisions. It would show vertical as well as horizontal separation of approaching planes. The military has carried height-finding equipment in planes since the Korean war. But the FAA maintains it would be ineffective for commercial planes and too costly. The FAA claims it is working on a collision avoidance system which it hopes can be in use in the next five years.

There are other areas where the FAA is asking for trouble. It has no requirements for fire-fighting equipment at airports. It won't halt construction work on runways, while flights are landing and taking off. The pilots complain that it is unsafe to throttle back right after take-off, but the FAA insists they do so to reduce the noise. A reporter recently was aboard a Northeast

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flight leaving Boston for Washington. There was a dense fog and while the pilot waited for it to clear, the stewardesses served food. Everyone was eating when the fog lifted. The pilot gunned the engines; the stewardess cheerfully told the passengers to hold on to their trays and the plane took off. Asked about the advisability of this procedure, a man at the FAA said, "we discourage that, but we have no regulations covering food trays, as such."

Often the large airports are crowded because they must handle the small private, or as they are called, "general aviation," planes. One study of New York's LaGuardia airport at the peak of the rush hour on a Friday between 4 and 7 pm last August showed 91 commercial planes carrying 6,252 passengers used the airport, compared with 145 private planes with 429 passengers. At one particularly busy point, 13 planes were holding for take-off and only three of them were commercial airliners. Not all of the big commercial airports are as clogged with private planes as LaGuardia but nonetheless one way to ease traffic substantially would be to move general aviation out of the major airports. FAA claims it doesn't have this authority, and General McKee doesn't seem interested in asking Congress for it.

Of the 547 airports served by the airlines, 285 don't have control towers, and 434 lack radar which would permit them to keep a safe distance between incoming and outgoing planes. Nor does the FAA seem much inclined to push for radar or towers in unequipped airports. Pennsylvania Congressman Fred Rooney complained that the FAA refused to spend $25 million of the $49.8 million Congress appropriated in fiscal 1966 for facilities and equipment. At House Appropriations Committee hearings this year, McKee said, "Let me point out to the committee that the estimate does not include funds for additional traffic control towers and approach and landing aids at several locations where aeronautical activity has reached the levels which we have used in preceding years as criteria for installing new facilities. Our priorities in development of this budget reflect the judgment that it is more important to maintain the existing system on a basis that will assure safe operations than to extend the system to new locations. We consider the deferral of funding additional traffic control towers as a short-term proposition and will expect to provide these facilities where traffic volume and safety considerations warrant at the earliest time compatable with the overall fiscal situation."

The government makes available grants-in-aid for airport construction, and this year the FAA put in for $75 million. (This won't make a dent in the problem, because according to the FAA's own estimates $3 billion will be needed for airport construction by 1971.) The House cut it back to $65 million. The argument was that the money was being poorly spent, and that since the amount was so inadequate to meet the airport crisis it might as well be cut.

The main reason given for not spending more on airports and airplane safety is, of course, the drain of the Vietnam war; another reason for the cut back in grants-in-aid is because money handed out to small airports is regarded as pork barrel. The government maintains that the great bulk of airliners carrying most of the passengers are protected by radar. However, there wasn't any radar at Asheville, North Carolina.

While Congress was cutting back the money spent for radar, control towers, and new airports, it was handing out an additional $142 million to support the development of a supersonic transport, which is now widely regarded as posing so great a danger that it must not be flown over land.

The future development of airports is said to be in the hands of a special Presidential task-force headed by Alan Boyd, Secretary of Transportation, and Charles Murphy, head of the CAB. The truth of the matter is that this task force seems to have been created by Mr. Johnson as he lay in the hospital last fall, as a publicity stunt. At any rate, nobody on the commission heard of the idea before it was announced. But the members rallied and scraped up a report which predictably suggested solving the whole thing by creating a Comsat for Airports, a scheme which is very much in vogue these days. This could finance future air fields. The proposal was drawn up and sent over to the White House about two months ago. There it was received with incredulity by the President's aides who had forgotten all about the task force.

General McKee in his capacity as administrator of the FAA, apparently sees it as his primary responsibility to protect the people, many of them business executives, who fly the little private planes. He is a one-man lobby for the crowd, and quite straightforward about it. "Let me interrupt and tell you this story," the General told the House Appropriations subcommittee. "When General LeMay quit the Air Force and started to fly a private airplane he expected to get pushed around by the civilian FAA. I talked to him not long ago, and he said, 'By the way, Bozo, I want to congratulate all the people in the FAA. I just took a long trip in my airplane and those people took care of me just like a baby, all over the United States.' I said, 'LeMay, write me just what you said because I can use it in my morale efforts.' I made it a part of a speech to the air traffic controllers and it made the biggest hit of the evening."

This will be welcome news to the families of the people who took the air taxi at Lexington, where the FAA inspectors never made it around to inspect the plane in which they died.

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Colonialism on the Black Campus

A former English instructor at Howard University, the "Black Harvard," related this story of his first days on the job: "I had lunch with students in the cafeteria. They were quite surprised that I condescended to eat with them and began to ask me some questions. Did I think I was a good teacher? I said yes, I thought I was a good teacher, maybe one of the best. They said, 'We give you two years.' Then: did I have strong, especially radical, political views? I answered yes, I supposed so. 'Oh well,' they said, 'we give you one year'."

He lasted one semester. Four of his colleagues have also been dismissed since the expiration of the spring term; sixteen students have been expelled and three suspended, others have received letters of warning. No hearings were held and no reasons given for the dismissals beyond the allegation that the offenders' "general conduct" was "disruptive" of the university and "detrimental" to its "fundamental mission."

Toward the end of the spring term, several thousand Howard undergraduates had boycotted classes to protest disciplinary action that had been taken against four students who had demonstrated against the war and the draft on the day General Lewis B. Hershey came to Howard to make a speech. The students were associated with the Black Power Committee, which then probably had no more than fifty adherents. When, however, the university attempted to discipline students who had allegedly violated Hershey's freedom of speech (demonstrators jumped on stage), it raised issues which eventually mobilized over half the undergraduate body against it.

Between the Hershey incident in March and the May boycott, there were faculty forums, student rallies, and disrupted disciplinary hearings. The boycott of May 10 was endorsed by the Black Power Committee and by the student government leaders who had condemned the Hershey demonstrations, by the activist Student Rights Organization and university newspaper and by the un-political fraternities. Civil liberties issues – academic freedom, due process, freedoms of speech and dissent – mobilized students and some junior faculty against the administration. The substantive issue, however, was the peculiar university structure which requires that administrators play Uncle Tom to white political powers outside the university, but allows them to play Emperor Jones on campus.

In Howard's case, the white power structure is Congress itself. Although ostensibly a private institution responsible only to its trustees, Howard was established by a federal land grant and receives more than half its funds by congressional appropriation. Underscoring its quasi-federal status are its loyalty oath (Civil Service Form 61), compulsory ROTC (which militants despise and want abolished), and the ex-officio membership of the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare on its board of trustees. University officials deny, of course, that they dance to the music of the Feds. But April 19, amid campus agitation, President James Nabrit appeared before the House subcommittee that controls Howard's appropriations. Nabrit told the congressmen that there was at Howard "a lot of ferment of an undesirable kind and ferment that you might say is desirable . . ." (He did not define what he meant by "desirable" and "undesirable" although the expulsion of a cross-section of activist leaders will serve as a de facto definition.) The "very small but noisy and active elements" were a "threat to the real objectives of education." The president told the congressmen that "I would like to have the confidence and support of the committee" and concluded his reference to campus unrest with the promise, "We propose to deal with it."

The Howard administrators are also practitioners of black power – their own. The major instrument of this power is tight control of promotions. Howard does not have departmental chairmen elected by their faculty colleagues, but "department heads" appointed by the deans of the respective schools. These heads, who may be removed annually at the discretion of the deans, make recommendations for promotion and tenure which must be approved by the appropriate dean. Whereas at other major universities recommendations for promotion are made by departmental colleagues of higher rank, the only faculty voice at Howard is that of a single university-wide committee, which consists of senior faculty members who, because they have themselves been promoted by the same system, are from the point of view of the administration lily white.

The Howard administration is also noted for making – and changing – policy ad hoc. During the tumultuous spring term, the university issued a policy statement endorsed by the board of trustees affirming the university's commitment to "academic freedom – freedom of speech and freedom of ideas." However, Nabrit noted that the "rude and intimidating conduct" associated with the Hershey incident had received "world-wide publicity resulting in inestimable damage to the university." Weighing academic freedom and bad publicity in the balance, Nabrit concluded that the "total corporate interests" of the university required that all public announcements and news releases by students and faculty

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be cleared through the public relations office. In justification of the university's refusal to allow Cramton Auditorium to be used for a speech by CORE's Floyd McKissick, Nabrit noted that the university must "insure that a proper balance" be maintained in the political persuasion of speakers appearing on campus.

The Uncle Tom-Emperor Jones complex of Howard administators is not unique. In the early days of the civil rights movement in 1962, Negro officials of Southern University, under pressure from Louisiana's state board of education, expelled eighteen students for participating in lunch counter sit-ins. Last spring, the administrators of Texas Southern refused to charter a militant political group, Friends of SNCC, and failed to renew the contract of its faculty sponsor, Mack Jones. According to a study by David Riesman and Christopher Jencks, authoritarianism wedded to political timidity characterizes the administrations of virtually all Negro colleges.

The authoritarian structure of Howard and other Negro colleges is the colonial inheritance of their founding by white benefactors and of their former control by white administrators. The irony is that colonialism has endured while the complexion of the rulers has darkened (somewhat). Some administrators and department heads at Howard have held power for twenty-five years and regard their jurisdictions as personal fiefs. At the same time, in a society in which education is one of the few channels of upward social mobility for Negroes, competition for a high position, and tenacity in retaining a position once gained, are fierce. A president of the only true Negro university can expect considerable favors from the white powers-that-be. (President Nabrit chaired the White House's 1966 Conference on Civil Rights and recently served as a Deputy US Representative to the United Nations.) Another source of white influence on Negro institutions is money – a fact of which Fisk University was editorially reminded by the *Nashville Banner* when Negro students rioted there last spring. This authoritarianism, not black power, was the issue at Howard (three of the five dismissed teachers were not Negro).

But some Howard students and faculty do believe that the idea of a "militant black university" is a legitimate alternative to the administration's plan for a more fully integrated, "first-rate university." The administration's references in tandem to integration and raising admissions standards have antagonized these students, who cite "Nabrit's Law": "Wherever two or three Negroes are gathered together, the standards must go down." They criticize admissions criteria based on standardized tests measuring "aptitude" which are culturally biased against poor Negroes. They also want a curriculum which is more oriented to Negro culture. (Howard's music department does not teach jazz: Western, white-oriented subjects and languages are often compulsory; courses in Negro history, literature, sociology are absent or optional.)

Even non-militant faculty members admit that the civil rights record of Howard, with the exception of its law school, has been "rather poor." A partial explanation is that authoritarian university procedures turn out docile graduates who are more interested in migrating to the "Gold Coast" (wealthy Negro suburbs) than in struggling for justice for their soul brothers in the ghetto. The militants want the university to become a material and inspirational source for the Black social movement, while university officials insist that the university should be an objective educational enterprise. Kenneth Clark, a Howard trustee and social psychologist who has made a reputation as an expert on ghetto problems, has said that Howard should become a "national urban university and demonstrate what a truly non-racial university can be. To be a 'predominantly Negro' college is an anachronism that is no longer tolerable." Militants, however, believe that Howard has an obligation to serve Negroes in the ghetto and cannot in any case hope to compete with established, heavily endowed white universities. Student leader Jay Greene suggests that "separatism is not a program; it is a fact. We want to take something that has been working against us and make it work for us."

Howard's immediate problem may not be a choice between the "militant" and "first-rate" alternatives, but its continued accreditation. The precedent of Alabama State, which dismissed a faculty member without due process, is rather disturbing in that respect. The American Association of University Professors has also backed dismissed faculty on due process grounds, while the American Civil Liberties Union is suing to have students and faculty reinstated. President Nabrit recently announced his retirement as soon as a replacement can be found, while disclaiming any connection between his decision and the present imbroglio.

The university has also met some of the demands of the boycott. It has written a judiciary code in cooperation with students and will establish a student judiciary. Compulsory ROTC may also be on the way out. The structure of university authoritarianism will, however, be unchanged this fall. If the primary issue remains authoritarianism, the Howard administration is likely to be confronted – especially if students and faculty are not reinstated – with a united front of students and junior faculty. If the creation of a "militant black university" becomes the issue, however, one faculty member envisions a "virtual civil war on campus." In either case, the antebellum days of Howard – and perhaps other Negro colleges who may take their cue from Howard – are over.

MICHAEL MILES

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The Psychedelic Experience

by Lisa Bieberman

It was five years ago that I attached myself to the Cambridge group that started the psychedelic movement. In those days we didn't use the word "psychedelic" much – the accepted phrase was "consciousness-expanding drugs," or more briefly, "mushroom," since the Harvard group worked mainly with psilocybin. There was a whole new world in the mushroom, so we said – the key to a stronger, richer human life soon to be made available to every man. We were full of the happy excitement of sharing a soon-to-be-public secret that was going to save the world.

Were we like today's novice acidheads? It is hard for me to tell, because my perspective has changed so much. To my younger, naïver eyes, the mushroom people were idealistic as children, brave as Christian martyrs, and full of wisdom. They were an indissoluble family, destined to go forward, hand in hand, to win souls and bring in the Kingdom.

I have no idea what has become of most of them. They are not in the movement any more. Some of the conservative fringe members are still conservative fringe members. Some went "straight." A few drifted away from psychedelics to follow Meher Baba or embrace some other form of occultism. The originally most enthusiastic members just disappeared, sometimes turning up briefly in this city or that, but no longer activists. The leaders, Leary, Alpert and Metzner, apparently unmoved by the fact that their own group had fallen apart, went out to preach LSD as the key to consciousness-expansion, to new starry-eyed kids, forming new groups that fell apart in turn.

Two years ago I started a bimonthly newsletter called the Psychedelic Information Center (PIC) Bulletin, in which I reported the activities of various projects purportedly aimed at furthering the use of psychedelics for religious or philosophical purposes. The collected back issues are a catalogue of frauds and failures. I finally had to change my editorial policy, because I came to realize that I did readers a disservice to report on things like the Neo-American Church, the League for Spiritual Discovery, the psychedelic shops and so on, as if they were to be taken seriously. Most of the psychedelic projects I reported have flopped, even though the more obvious losers were screened out before printing. Those that remain are a caricature of the psychedelic vision, a mockery of the idealism of youth. (The Church of the Awakening, run by John Aiken, is an exception. It is led by older people who mean what they say.) If the utopian vision of 1962 was too good to be true, it does not follow that what came out of that had to be this bad.

Does the psychedelic experience really have to be offered to the public in the form of bizarre shows? Do the psychedelic people have to live in squalid ghettos? Does their conversation have to be a rapid-fire rap of slogans and meaningless declarations of "love"? Does LSD still have to be used so excessively and so carelessly; do freakouts have to be regular occurrences at Millbrook (Leary's mecca)? Do interpersonal relationships among acidheads have to be so shallow, so shortlived? Must the leaders deliberately foster distrust between age groups? Do cheating and stealing have to be the rule among acid dealers?

The word "psychedelic" is ruined; it might as well be scrapped by those who still wish to speak earnestly about their experience. Psychedelic now means gaudy illegible posters, gaudy unreadable tabloids, loud parties, anything paisley, crowded noisy discotheques, trinket shops and the slum districts that patronize them. There was something I used to mean by psychedelic, but if those posters are psychedelic, that other thing isn't. Put "psychedelic" down along with "community," "love," "religion" and other good words the hippies, with the help of Leary & Co., have corrupted.

(A community is a place for people to live and work together, put down roots, raise their children and grow old. There is no psychedelic community, least of all at Millbrook, a madhouse place that nobody can stand for long. Of the group that started there, none remain except Leary and his daughter and son. In the mad scramble to be In, nobody asks what became of the people who were In last year, and the latter are silent. How long can this farce be played out? Apparently indefinitely; the turnover of Leary's followers goes on, each new group of converts as true-believing as the last, until their turn comes to fall out through divorce, rejection, psychosis or disillusionment.)

Whatever happened to the Neo-American Church Boo-Hoos whose names I used to publish (and what will happen to the new ones)? Art Kleps, "your Chief Boo-Hoo," went to Florida where he knew there was a warrant for his arrest, got raging drunk, picked a fight with his ex-wife and passed out in a railroad station where he was picked up by police and, when

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his identity was learned, held on the old charge. (This is what he means when he writes in his recent bulletin, "This is not a good test case – too messy.") I made the mistake of feeling sorry for him and raised $1,000 for his bail, only to have him retreat into Millbrook and refuse to appear for trial, thus causing me to lose most or possibly all of the bail money. He is able to get away with this because psychedelic people have such short memories, and because they apparently do not expect their leaders to be trustworthy.

"LSD Has Been Sold Out"

Not the least consequence of all this is the loss of the possibility of trust. A sensitive person can no longer distribute LSD after seeing how it is used. One can no longer buy LSD; the dealers cannot be trusted. It is unlikely I will ever go anybody's bail again. No old head expects much of any newly announced psychedelic project (unless it goes commercial, and then it may become big and rich, but irrelevant).

Younger converts, however, may be taken in rather cruelly. Last winter a college freshman in Kansas, having been appointed Neo-American Boo-Hoo for his campus, publicized his appointment and began running LSD sessions for members. The church was soon infiltrated by federal agents, and the boy was arrested in the act of handing the sacrament to one of them. "Attaway to get busted, Jim," wrote Kleps in one of his bulletins. But when the trial approached, Jim's friends tried in vain to obtain from Kleps the membership applications of the entrapping agents, which were essential to the defense. They write: "We all tried repeatedly to get in touch with Art Kleps. The first phone call roused a secretary who didn't know who he was but promised to leave a message 'somewhere.' The second call also had vague overtones, but we finally got a message for Kleps to send us the applications which the two narcotics agents had filled out during their sleuthing of Jim. The trial began, and still no membership cards showed up. We called again, and this time, no one even answered the telephone. There was never any communication, no money, no support, help in any way. Tim Leary did send a cryptic note offering love and help, but little came of that. Jim was placed in the absurd position of having the money for his lawyer come from [those] he was trying to oppose, the Episcopal Church. (His father is a priest.)"

Let those be warned who think a fake church is better than none for testing the laws. In this sad letter, naïveté of distance still shows through the disillusionment, *e.g.*, in the supposition that any of the female adornments of the Millbrook estate could be described as a "secretary," and in the assumption that Art Kleps would even have the wanted documents on file. In his mellower moods he has been observed to toss mail unread into the fire. The experience described is typical of what is to be expected in attempting to communicate with the estate at Millbrook (known as "Castalia" after Hesse, or maybe Kafka): the note from Leary is also typical. It is Leary's custom to offer his disciples love and help on any occasion, and to mean absolutely nothing by it.

I have been told I shouldn't publish these things, because they will weaken the image of the psychedelic movement, and that any means are justified in popularizing LSD because it is the only thing that can prevent nuclear war. This silliness is part of the Psychedelic Line, the collection of halftruths, wishful thinking, and lies repeated until they are believed that has the movement morally paralyzed. LSD has been sold out, and it's up to anyone who still cares about, or remembers, the psychedelic experience to reject the phony, commercialized thing that has been erected in its name.

Vacant-faced kids drop by the Psychedelic Information Center and ask "what's happening?" Pressed for what they mean, they usually turn out to be looking for a rock band, or maybe a shop selling buttons, or news of the latest busts. I have nothing for them that they want, and they go away puzzled – they thought I had a Thing here, but it turns out to be just a few publications, no flashing lights, so it isn't hip.

There's still the same thing happening, of course, that's been happening since psychedelics became available: the possibility of having an experience that will reawaken a person to the basic truths he understood as a child, and point the way to becoming a better man or woman. (But even this possibility is cut off for many of the kids – they have had 100 trips and are jaded. Thus the pathetic search for drugs "stronger than acid.")

That would be the only psychedelic happening that I'd be interested in – if a few people could be helped to lead better lives with the aid of psychedelics. If the Indians can do it with peyote, it should be possible for us – if we could just get clear of the cultish, flashy, idiotic pseudo-underground.

I do have a plan for it, involving a house in the country, aboveground, where guided sessions will be run for small groups, by advance application. But it won't go into effect until 1970, as it will take me that long to earn enough money and make adequate preparations and plans. I have seen too many psychedelic projects fall apart to go into one of importance without considerable planning. I have been planning this for more than a year – but then there is no reason for anybody but me to believe that it will work. If another head told me he was going to do something like that, I would be skeptical. I believe it because it is my own

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commitment. I will not abandon the psychedelics, to which I owe my most valued experiences, to their present fate.

The LSD story up to now has been a tragedy. A tool of tremendous potential value for science, medicine and personal life enrichment has been allowed, partly by default, to become the plaything of unscrupulous cultists. Most of us have been too hypnotized by the increasing publicity attending the splashy hippy happenings to remember or assert that LSD was once thought to bear quite a different message. Whether one places the blame for its corruption on the politicians who drove LSD underground, on the academicians who allowed this to happen, or on the opportunists who took advantage of the result, the fact remains that society could hardly have done a more thorough job of confounding the good, and magnifying the evil potential in these powerful drugs if that had been the avowed intention of all concerned.

If the future of LSD is to be more wholesome than its past, it must be squarely recognized that the most publicized advocates of the psychedelic are its worst enemies. We cannot rely on them to fight our battles for us, whether it be for religious freedom, the right to do research, or the dissemination of accurate information. Flower power is no substitute for integrity.

Maddox of Georgia

by Robert Coles

"The term 'Southern Demagogue' should be recognized for what it is, a political epithet. It does not contribute anything to our understanding of the men to whom it is applied. I hold no brief for men of this type, nor for Tom Watson in so far as he was representative of them. I do not believe it is accurate to blame Watson for the 'sinister forces' already mentioned. To do so would be to assign him far too important a role, a role that belongs to the vastly more impersonal forces of economics and race and historical heritage."

– C. Vann Woodward in *Tom Watson: Agrarian Rebel*

Lester Garfield Maddox, seventy-fifth governor of Georgia, walks by a statue of Tom Watson every day. Watson stands in front of Georgia's capitol building, his right hand forward, his left hand raised high, the South's Demosthenes in action. Below him one reads of his many achievements – he was an editor, a lawyer, a historian, an author, and in Washington, Georgia's Representative and Senator – and one also reads these words of his: "Give us the fortune which, through the cloud and gloom and sorrow of apparent failure, can see the instant pinnacles upon which the everlasting sunlight rests."

Governor Maddox knows about those "instant pinnacles," and if thousands of Georgians who live in what they now call "Maddox Country" have any further say, he will know about "the everlasting sunlight" of political power, perhaps one day like Tom Watson as a United States Senator. When I lived in Atlanta a few years ago Maddox was not quite, or not only, the loser and eccentric he is often described as once being. He was, in fact, a successful businessman, and an exceedingly well-known man who in 1961 had shown his strong hold on Atlanta's white vote in a mayoralty race with Ivan Allen, the present incumbent. If a successful politician is among other things a man who knows how to command and keep the attention and sympathy of his potential voters, the Maddox I used to see in the early sixties knew the people he was after, and knew how to reach them and stay in touch with them.

Sometimes I went to his restaurant, the Pickrick. The food was good and inexpensive. The owner was right there, friendly and willing to talk to anyone, as if his store were his home, and his customer his guest. The Pickrick's chicken was always being advertised in the very Atlanta papers Maddox considered so infamous and radical, but did not hesitate to use. He bought space to urge his food on the public, but he also wanted them to know they were victims. Washington, communists, outsiders, a coalition of sinister and unpatriotic forces were not only at work, but in power; they controlled Atlanta through its "moderates," who step-by-step were selling out every conceivable principle for the almighty dollar.

"He's honest" I kept hearing from the white students, and even from the Negro students, who found the open, direct outrage that he directed at their cause easier to comprehend and fight against than slogans

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like "too busy to hate," the more or less official slogan that Atlanta used – and used successfully – to help avoid the riots that had plagued Little Rock and New Orleans when they yielded to the court-ordered desegregation of their schools. When the Civil Rights Law of 1964 was passed, so that Maddox was required to serve Negroes, he consolidated himself in the minds of millions all over the country as the beleaguered idealist, the odd businessman who in the clinch would sacrifice a going concern, an established money-making enterprise, for the sake of his strongly held feelings. He would not be evasive, and raise his prices to keep Negroes out, or try to get around the law by calling his restaurant a club. He would not let them in while under scrutiny or "attack," then do everything possible to ignore or insult them later – when, anyway, few of them would want to come. He would stand and defend his turf with a gun and a hatchet, and eventually he would surrender and fold his tent and walk away.

To the white upper class people of Atlanta – a number of whom in 1961 had sent their children to private schools in order to avoid the "tension" and "disturbance" that school desegregation might bring – he was a fool, a nuisance and an embarrassment. They had no desire to take on once again – a hundred years after Appomattox – the money and power of the North. They wanted their share of what New York or New England have; they were beginning to get it; and they were glad.

"Lester, he's a nut," one heard again and again. Lester went on to open a furniture store, and to sell souvenir axes, reminders of his last stand. Lester also was "crazy" enough, "grandiose" enough to feel that his resentment, his sense of galling defeat, his desire to strike out, strike back, get revenge, was shared by others – others in Georgia's countryside, its backwoods and small towns. He kept talking and running – in 1966 for governor.

The rest now has to be called "history," rather than one man's fate. The campaign was a fascinating one, with a prominent millionaire, Howard ("Bo") Callaway, the owner of textile mills and a graduate of West Point, trying to lead the Republican party to a victory over what seemed like the fatally divided Democrats. Everyone expected the Democrats to nominate Ellis Arnall, a liberal former governor, and everyone expected the segregationist conservative Republican to take after the Democrat as a dangerous radical, who would bring in more "federal controls," that is, further changes in Georgia's racial climate.

All the while Lester Maddox was going about and saying that he would be governor, and those in the know wouldn't even take the trouble to laugh any more. The real thing to watch was the Republican resurgence. Georgia had gone for Goldwater. The state was prospering, with a lot of new business and a rising middle class. Callaway offered respectability and clear-cut power to the lawyers and doctors and bankers and engineers and managers. At long last they could join company with their counterparts elsewhere. The Southern Democrats could become the Republicans so many of them in essence are. As an avowed opponent of John F. Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson and the Civil Rights Bill of 1964, Callaway was a Republican who could defend the Southern Way of Life, but not at the cost of an economic recession. He was an industrialist, and he would bring in more industrialists; and the nervous poor whites, they'd vote for him too – because it was the Democrats who were the race-mixers, not only in Washington, but Atlanta. With Callaway in office Brooks Brothers might be persuaded to open a store in Atlanta, and there wouldn't be a lot of Negroes wanting to buy – or even sell – the clothes.

Well, Lester kept on visiting what Faulkner called the "hamlets" and the nearby towns, one after another; and down in Waycross, Georgia and over in Tallapoosa, Georgia and up around Jasper, Georgia white people stood around and said: "that man Arnall, he's one of the Atlanta boys, Northern-bought, who's trying to slip the nigger over on us, so that they can keep on making their money. And Callaway, he's a rich boy with lots of airs, and a Republican. Hell, what choice have we got?" But then, there was Lester, tacking up his home-made signs and reminding anyone who came near that he was still going strong, despite the laughs and the jeers and the indifference of the wealthy people and the college types and their Negro friends, who were voting all over now. (It had come to that!)

When Primary Day came Lester Maddox became the nominee of the Democratic Party of Georgia. Callaway had to go out and tell people he was better, more stable, more reliable. He kept on pushing his conservative, segregationist views and he had a lot of money to help him do so; but Lester Maddox had some capital that the richest man in America couldn't equal. He

COMING: *Schools where children learn – a report from Britain by Joseph Featherstone*

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had his life, all the words he'd spoken and the deeds he'd done – and let his fellow Georgians know about. No one's credentials as a conservative and a segregationist could possibly equal his; so he was free to take his reputation for granted and indeed build on it in a way that put Callaway on the run. He was Lester the loner, the little man who was self-made, not rich but with some savings from hard work. He had no big Eastern money to fall back on, and he didn't have the railroads and the utilities behind him, and he wasn't going to be a front man for the *Atlanta Constitution* and its connections in Washington, D.C. and New York and God knows where else.

Callaway realized he was being boxed-in, and grew desperate. The liberals said they weren't going to support him and they never could stomach Maddox. Lester kept pointing to himself as the honest white underdog and convinced a lot of people to vote for him. He didn't get a majority, but neither did Callaway, because thousands of liberals begged the issue by writing in Ellis Arnall's name. The Democratic legislature had to make the choice, and Maddox was a Democrat.

As governor Maddox has been something of a surprise, so far. He made a temperate inaugural speech, and ever since has rather consistently toned down his language and stopped emphasizing his horror at the course of recent Southern history. Since his election was considered first unbelievable and then the worst possible disaster by hundreds of thousands of Negroes and white liberals, his behavior to date puzzles them. "What happened to Lester?", I hear from some whites in Atlanta. When I asked a Negro youth I know to evaluate the governor's few months in office he put it this way: "It's still the same old Maddox underneath; you can feel it, and every once in a while he forgets, and then you *know* it. But I guess they're all sitting on him up there in the capitol and telling him what to say and he listens to them." I asked him *why* Maddox listens: "I don't know. Now that he's governor he sees he has to play ball with people and keep quiet." Then he asked himself and me the same question: "Sometimes I wonder why he *does* seem to be listening to the 'moderates.' Now that he's governor you'd think he'd really let loose; but no. It's as if he's changed – though you can't really believe it."

One hears he is shrewd; that he knows he has won, and cannot succeed himself; that he *has* the rednecks, and need only toss them an occasional word or act, whereas a restrained administration will gain him the skeptical white middle class, many of whom objected more to his manner than the substance of his ideas. Then, there are the "socio-economic" interpretations. He was born poor and worked his way up. Now he is there, and dizzy because of the height. He is insecure, or in some "deep" way troubled, and his past rancor can be attributed to that fact. Since hard work and luck have carried him to the very top, his sensitive, uneasy self is at last appeased, and he no longer "needs" to tremble at the prospect of desegregation. Anyway, – say those who dismiss all other explanations as superficial and frivolous – there is just so much a governor can do, and Maddox has found that out. A handful of bankers and corporation presidents and those who carry out their orders really run things, and every governor has to make his peace with them. Somehow "they" have "taken care" of Lester.

A Talk With the Governor

A short while ago I went to see Governor Maddox. In one sense things hadn't really changed much. In the Pickrick restaurant he had handed out chicken all day long, and now it is pork – favors, jobs and appointments for "the people." His outside office was full of them, the Flem Snopeses of Georgia who want, want, want. The phone calls come in from all over and without letup. I've had some experience with *need;* in the emergency ward of a hospital there always seems to be someone in trouble, day or night. For a moment I made the comparison: citizens have their troubles, and they take them to their governors. Yet the talk in the governor's anterooms and on his phones gradually weakened my analogy. Greed is a very special kind of need, and deserves its own recognition.

Perhaps we are so surprised or puzzled by the "change" in a man like Lester Maddox because we see all men as consistently and inevitably the "products" of what they *were*. They had a particular kind of childhood; they grew up in this neighborhood or that region; they formerly said or did something; and so there they are, fixed and predictable, easy prey for our categorical minds. Yet, at any moment new possibilities and new demands can come upon a person – and make him different; not different from what he *was*, but different because of what *is*.

I asked the Governor why he seemed to strike so many people as a different man, an unexpectedly "moderate" one in the political sense of the word. (Personally he is a devoutly moderate man, a Baptist who prays often and hard and avoids liquor or cigarettes.) Ask his friends, he said; they would tell me he was the same person, "the very same one." So I said that if that were true, he was the same person doing different work. And he said yes, that was the case, and he loved his new job. Then he talked about the job. It was hard and demanding. He was in the middle of things as he never was before, and subject to pressures he'd never known about, and aware for the first time of countless problems and people. Moreover, every day he had to act, or seem to act; say something, or sound

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as if he was saying something; take sides, or claim himself neutral and from that position use his weight here or there.

Faced with the difficulties and ambiguities of a kind of "power" that is always apparent but not quite as immediate, tangible and unequivocal as its trappings suggest, Maddox is doing what many political leaders always do. In that sense he has not "changed," but come to terms with his position in a particular way. In his own words he is "going to the people" rather than trying to be a law-giver. ("New legislation isn't as important as being the best example, being for Georgia an honest governor.") He wants to sell the state, "unite the people and stand for sensible government." As if Georgia were a Beauty Queen, he has mastered all of her vital statistics, and he will advertise them and defend them – every day, in every way, and all over. He is up to the job, to the travel, to the begging and coaxing, to the flattery that he must give as well as get, to the reporters and the television cameras, to the various people and groups who want from him the *act* of a statement, the *move* of patronage, rather than any sustained and coherent social policy or initiative. Gestures of course can become so much sham, but here I think Lester Maddox will not fail. He conveys sincerity and he is also tireless. No aura of cynicism or pragmatism will surround his administration.

Keeping Them Happy

Polite, methodical, persistent, able to tell every stranger how good it is to see him (and make it sound believable) he has seized upon the Truth of Enterprise; beside it issues of race or reform seem unimportant. Did I know that "tourist expansion" is way up in Georgia? Did I know that he is welcoming more visitors, more business leaders to the state than any of his predecessors? Did I know that for the first time *anyone* can come into his office, on the first and third Wednesday of each month? "They come in, all the people wealthy or barefoot." He hasn't asked for new taxes from his rich visitors, and I didn't see any shoes around for the barefoot ones, though I spotted a book called *Praying Can Change Your Life.*

In a flash he can surprise his listener with the use of the expression "power structure." He was elected governor "without the help of the power structure." To spell it out, "not one big paper, not one railroad, not one magazine, not one courthouse" supported him. But "the power structure" he once fought at a distance is now nearby, and ready to be of help. He told me that he wants "to prove his critics wrong." He already has. He has learned how to deal with them – and with himself. If you pick him up on the term "power structure" and ask him about "it," he can reply with all the indirection that the rest of us learn: "People in office tend to get isolated. They stick with the power structure too much and they're not close to the people anymore." The literal danger then is guilt by association. Maddox has always worried about the company he keeps, and he realizes that not only Negroes, but well-to-do whites refused to vote for him.

In essence he will avoid a fight and run to the voters. The "power structure" will meet up with no angry populist – at last in power, at last ready to get revenge. A man who has been called every psychiatric epithet emerges as "sane and sensible." What is more, he will use as well as be used, and thus show how "creative" and "adaptive" he is. The poor and the hungry can enter his office. They may not get food or cash from it, but they will see it, and not picture its owner a traitor who spends all his time currying favor with high society.

Maddox is hardly a Tom Watson, but he does manage to take up where Watson left off. The brilliant "agrarian rebel" found turn-of-the-century Southern politics so frustrating, so dishonest, and so devious that he just about lost his senses, and surrendered his mind to the region's terrible historical ironies. First he kept his populism, but cut it off from the Negro; and then he became so obsessed with the Negro (and additional "others," like the Jews and the Catholics) that he even lost interest in the poor white man. Having fought "the power structure" and lost to it, he learned to escape noticing it through the rhetoric of blind hate.

I do not know whether "they" in rural Georgia "really" believe Lester can make a difference in their lives, but I think the governor has indicated that he understands their feelings. He knows what in sophisticated Atlanta inspires their awe, and he knows that awe is a mixture of fear and desire. Through them he has "made good," but if he wants to stay in power he'd better not forget that.

It all works out well for "the power structure," too. The governor who says he's for "the little man" has to speak and act like one. All the pieties of America and the South will be his to mix adroitly: the democratic ones with the racist ones, the ones that urge "equality" with those that glorify competition and the lonely winner. The "little man" like everyone needs someone to trust, someone who speaks for him regularly and "naturally." Because he will concentrate his energies on keeping that trust alive, Maddox will threaten no one important, and in fact be a very handy man for many of those who fought him to have in power. He will "keep them happy down on the farm" or in the towns by doing his share to make certain that the real workings of Paris never come to anyone's attention – even his own.

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We've Got Rights!

The No-Longer Silent Welfare Poor

by Richard A. Cloward and Frances Fox Piven

Nearly eight million Americans depend on public assistance checks for their sustenance, including 4.4 million children, 2.1 million aged persons, and 700,000 of the blind or otherwise incapacitated. And this nearly eight million are less than a quarter of the poor (urban families of four with an annual income under $3,100, or rural families of comparable size with no more than $1,860 a year). So the public welfare system today leaves millions of the poor unaided. It may, however, be made to do considerably more. Favorable rulings in test cases now before the courts or in preparation could double or treble the number of people on welfare rolls.

On June 19, a three-judge federal court in Connecticut rendered a historic decision, declaring unconstitutional the state's residency requirements for welfare assistance. These requirements, some variation of which exists in every state, generally restrict welfare payments to people who can prove that they have lived in the jurisdiction for anywhere from six months to six years. The plaintiff in the Connecticut case had been receiving public aid in Boston, moved to Hartford to be with her mother, applied for welfare and was turned down. The majority of the court held that "the right of interstate travel also encompasses the right to be free of discouragement of interstate movement. Denying . . . even a gratuitous benefit because of her constitutional right effectively impedes the exercise of that right."

Nor is this the only instance in which constitutional issues have been raised in public welfare. New York's highest court has ruled that social welfare laws do not authorize the jailing of male welfare recipients who refuse to work under terms dictated by a welfare department. Any other interpretation, said the court, might result in violation of the Thirteenth Amendment and the Federal Anti-Peonage Act, which prohibit involuntary servitude.

In situations where fraud is suspected, welfare recipients are often told that if they refuse to answer questions which might incriminate them, their benefits will be cut off. Cases now being prepared in several jurisdictions charge that this threat – frequently carried out – is a violation of the Fifth Amendment. Mass searches without warrants (*e.g.*, midnight raids) have recently been declared unconstitutional by the California Supreme Court.

This new concern for developing a rule of law in programs of the welfare state owes much to the legal scholarship of Jacobus tenBroek, a blind professor of political science at the University of California in Berkeley, and more recently to Charles Reich, a Yale law professor. TenBroek has spent the better part of his career exposing America's dual system of justice – one for the affluent, another for the poor.

A leading strategist in the current assault against "poor law" agencies is Edward Sparer, director of the Center on Social Welfare Policy and Law, sponsored by the Columbia University School of Social Work and financed by both the Stern Family Fund and OEO. Sparer and his six-man legal staff give advice on tactics and help to prepare briefs for other organizations taking test cases. Representation in the courts is being performed by the Neighborhood Legal Service agencies sponsored by the Office of Economic Opportunity (one of which handled the Connecticut case), the NAACP Legal Defense Fund, the Scholarship Education and Defense Fund for Racial Equality (formerly affiliated with CORE), the American Civil Liberties Union (and its special division, the Lawyers Constitutional Defense Committee), as well as the Lawyers Committee for Civil Rights Under Law. Here and there, lawyers affiliated with the more traditional legal aid societies are also becoming active. The Law Students Civil Rights Research Council recruits law-student volunteers to provide information on legal rights and subsidizes research for attorneys representing recipients.

The growing number of court challenges deal with two areas of grievance: violations of the civil liberties of welfare recipients, and arbitrary denials of benefits. Our discussion focuses on the second area.

Many state laws work to the disadvantage of the very poor. A prime example is the requirement that every new resident wait one year before applying for

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benefits. In a few states, like New York, there is no specific waiting period, but a test of "motive" can be applied. If welfare officials believe that the applicant came in order to obtain welfare, they may deny benefits and issue a bus ticket to get the applicant out of the state. In practice the applicant must disprove the allegation to the satisfaction of welfare officials, which is usually impossible. The Connecticut decision casts doubt on the constitutionality of both types of residue laws. Similar cases are pending in federal courts in half a dozen states.

If the Connecticut decision is upheld, the consequences will go far beyond affirming a constitutional right of indigents to travel. The effect of residence laws has been to deny aid to the most economically depressed, such as rural people driven into urban ghettos by rapid agricultural mechanization and by federal agricultural subsidies which favor large landholders. One sizable group – 2.5 million migrant workers – remain untouched by the Connecticut decision, for the court did not extend the protection of its ruling to persons who do not intend to establish permanent residence in the state. So long as welfare aid remains unavailable to migrant workers, they will be compelled to accept jobs on terms dictated by farmers in each locality.

What Mothers Must Do

Then too, there is some form of "employable mother" rule in about half the states, designed partly to keep taxes low and to ensure a labor supply which can be driven by the threat of starvation to do any kind of work at any wages. For instance, a Georgia regulation requires that to be eligible for Aid to the Families of Dependent Children – a program intended to help needy youngsters – mothers whose children are over three years old must accept "suitable" employment when it is deemed to be "available." The rule also prohibits county welfare departments from paying supplementary benefits to mothers who are employed at wages lower than what they would normally receive on public assistance. Finally, it directs county welfare boards to deny *all* applications and close *all* existing cases of AFDC mothers who are deemed able to work during what the board calls "full-time employment" periods in communities with seasonal employment (*e.g.*, cotton chopping). A group of mothers are now bringing suit in Georgia, claiming racial discrimination because the rule is used to exclude Negro mothers far more frequently than white mothers (picking cotton is not deemed "suitable" work for white women). They also claim that denying supplementary benefits to mothers who are employed for less money than they would get on welfare is contrary to the purpose of the program. The fact that a mother works, they contend, is an arbitrary basis for classifying the beneficiaries of federal aid, in violation of the equal-protection provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment.

These Georgia AFDC mothers are also asking for the right to rebut the presumption that they can get jobs merely because a welfare official says they are employable. They base their challenge on a prior ruling of the US Supreme Court, "that a statute creating a presumption which operates to deny a fair opportunity to rebut it violates the due process clauses of the Fourteenth Amendment." A panel of three judges has been appointed, and trial is pending. It is estimated that AFDC rolls in Georgia will double if the employable mother rule is struck down.

Traditionally, benefits have been denied to families if the husband is present and "employable" (whether or not he can get a job). Unemployed husbands therefore "desert," and mothers may then get on relief (if they agree to sue for nonsupport). But often the men remain near their families, despite the danger of being apprehended and jailed for nonsupport. Welfare departments maintain squads of investigators who track down these men, sometimes by invading homes between midnight and dawn without warrants.

Not content with driving husbands away, the system has also traditionally disqualified mothers who appear, on investigation, to have a conjugal relationship with a man. In Alabama, for example, children can be denied assistance if their mother "appears" to have a relationship with a "substitute father," defined as a man who either (1) lives in the home, (2) "visits frequently for the purpose of cohabitation," or (3) "does not frequent the home but cohabits with the child's natural or adoptive mother elsewhere." (Cohabitation is defined by the Alabama welfare department as sexual relations.) These rules, attorneys believe, violate the equal-protection clauses of the Constitution by establishing an arbitrary and unreasonable basis for distinguishing among children: whether their mothers do or do not have intercourse. In a case now being taken in the federal district court, the plaintiff is an Alabama widow with several children whose benefits were terminated after she admitted that a male friend visits in her home.

An especially vicious feature of these rules is that if a caseworker judges that such a man "appears" to exist, the burden of proving that he is not a "substitute father" falls on the mother. A Texas woman and her five children lost their benefits because of the mother's alleged association with a man who was not the children's father and was not helping to support them. A state hearing officer reversed the local departmental decision on the ground that the evidence concerning the man's presence in the home was insufficient. However, the administrative appeals board reversed the decision again: the reason it gave was

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that the mother had failed to *disprove* the allegation.

The welfare applicant who is not excluded by statutes and rules does not automatically get on the rolls, or then stay on. Far from it. According to a *New York Times* editorial of May 18: "New York City Welfare Commissioner Mitchell I. Ginsberg reports that there are nearly as many eligible families *off* the relief rolls as there are on. The welfare budget for the year starting July 1 is estimated at $913 million, up to $207 million over the outlay for this year; yet that staggering amount will take care of only half of those who could qualify for aid if every eligible applied."

This vast discrepancy results from the fact that welfare functionaries everywhere, responding to community pressures to hold costs down, try to keep people off public assistance. If information about eligibility were widely disseminated, claims would rise precipitously, and so welfare departments do nothing to advertise the availability of benefits; indeed, they try to keep potential recipients in ignorance. A survey in Detroit uncovered many families in dire need, but more than half did not know about public welfare or erroneously believed that they were ineligible. To remedy this situation, groups of recipients are preparing to sue for access to welfare manuals, on the ground that these are public documents.

Those who do know about public welfare must run a grueling bureaucratic obstacle course in order to qualify. In effect, the applicant must prove his poverty to functionaries who are at best skeptical. HEW, having surveyed procedures in a number of cities, reports that applicants are "being required to assume too much responsibility for substantiating their own eligibility." Several cities require that applicants produce documents to support information on birth, past places of residence and employment, income and the like. Frequently they are forced to answer questions about their sexual behavior, open their closets to inspection and permit their children to be interrogated. To resist any of these procedures is to risk rejection for "failure to comply with departmental regulations." Rather than submit, many withdraw or do not apply.

To overcome this pattern of intimidation, some applicants are demanding the right to bring an advocate to the intake cubicles – a friend, a representative of a welfare recipients' organization or a lawyer. A recent suit established this right in New York, but elsewhere welfare administrators still resist, claiming that they have a legal obligation to "protect applicants" by holding transactions "confidential."

Furthermore, many of those who do apply and endure all of the investigatory procedures are turned down. In Philadelphia, for example, half of the applications are rejected, and lawyers estimate that half of the rejections are not expressly justified under existing statutes. In 1962, the Moreland Commission of the New York State legislature noted that a great many "rejections are arbitrary," for only 35 percent of the denials were based on the contention that the family had "sufficient income."

Perhaps the cruelest exercise of discretion by welfare department functionaries is in the arbitrary suspension or termination of benefits. Taking a sample of poor families headed by women, the New York City Community Council found that only 12 percent had received assistance continuously for 18 months following childbirth. Some 29 percent had had their cases closed and reopened at least once during that period despite continual financial need. Some investigators close as a disciplinary measure, knowing that when the affected families ask to have their cases reopened, as they usually do, they are likely to be more compliant. Other cases are closed because the investigator has noticed a new item of clothing or furniture and has not received what he regards as a satisfactory explanation as to where the money was found to make the purchase. Still other terminations are the result of administrative errors in a system burdened by fantastic paperwork and haphazard procedures.

The practice of summarily terminating people from the rolls without a written reason or an opportunity for a hearing led Boston recipients to stage a sit-in. When the police beat them, the demonstrators screamed out the windows of the welfare department, and rioting erupted in the streets for three nights.

No Rights If You're on Relief

What makes these practices possible is the absence of any tradition of legal rights for welfare beneficiaries, as is illustrated by a recent court ruling in the nation's capital. When a group of AFDC mothers sued for declaratory and injunctive relief against unreasonable searches, harassing surveillance, eavesdropping and interrogation concerning their sexual activities, the district court not only ruled against them but rendered the astonishing opinion that welfare benefits are a gratuity, that statutes governing welfare agencies merely define who is *not* eligible for benefits and do not impose the obligation to grant benefits to all those who meet eligibility requirements. Which of the eligibles are actually to get benefits is, the court held, within the absolute discretion of administrative functionaries and therefore is not a proper subject of judicial review. During the courtroom argument, the judge commented on an allegation regarding illegal search: "Any recipient has a perfect right to slam the door in the face of the investigator. Of course, he runs the risk then of being cut off the rolls." In other words, the welfare system can treat people as it sees

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fit; if people don't like it, they don't have to take the money. (On appeal, however, a higher court directed that the welfare department hold a full hearing on the mothers' charges preliminary to further court review.)

The main thrust of the legal attack on arbitrary terminations of benefits is in public housing. In two cases now in the federal district courts, tenants allege that public housing authorities violated their rights under the due-process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment by evicting them without a written reason or an opportunity for a hearing. In a third case, taken against the public housing authority in Durham, N.C., the US Supreme Court had agreed to a review. Before the case could be argued, however, officials of the federal public housing agency issued a bulletin stating that local authorities must inform tenants of the reasons for evictions and give them opportunity to rebut. The Supreme Court ordered the case back to the state courts.

An important challenge is also developing in Mississippi, where, in early April, a beneficiary under the Aid to the Permanent and Totally Disabled program was abruptly notified that he was no longer medically qualified for assistance. No specific reasons were given, nor was a hearing offered prior to the termination. The client, a 30-year-old Negro father, secured affidavits from prominent doctors confirming that his right hand had been amputated and that he had both pulmonary tuberculosis and sickle-cell disease (a type of anemia which leads to progressive weakening and, in this case, to a short life expectancy). The day before the court hearing, welfare officials visited the plaintiff to say that a mistake had been made and would be rectified. Nevertheless, the plaintiff insisted that a hearing be held, arguing that his benefits might be arbitrarily terminated at some later time unless the constitutional issues raised by welfare procedures were ruled upon. Despite protests by attorneys for the state, the judge agreed that serious questions of due process were involved and held the matter over for trial.

The number of people who would be affected by successful court challenges to termination procedures is suggested by experience in the District of Columbia. There, under the iron rule of Senators Robert Byrd (D, W.Va.), chairman of the Senate subcommittee on appropriations for the District of Columbia, the department of welfare has been forced to acquire nearly as many "fraud investigators," bent upon cutting people off relief, as "social investigators," who are responsible for passing on initial eligibility. In speeches on the floor of the Senate, Byrd has reported that under his aegis AFDC case loads fell from a peak of 5,628 in November 1961, to 3,823 by October 1963. His request for appropriations with which to hire additional investigators was struck out on a technicality in a House-Senate conference. As a result, he says, "the AFDC case load has gradually crept back up, and by August 1966 had recorded a total of 4,767 cases." Bad though he believes this is, he observes that without the investigators who were available, the case loads would have reached 9,600 – double the present rolls. (The Senator reacted to the recent tide of legal appeals with these remarks: "I'm not against fair hearings, but I'm not going to sit by and watch our agency attacked. What business do [these lawyers] have to question [the Department's] regulations?")

And What Do They Get?

Once on the rolls, recipients get very little. In large part this is because of the low grant levels set by state legislatures; annual AFDC payments to a family of four range from an average of $388 in Mississippi to $2,700 in New York, or about $1,800 nationally. More than half the states do not even appropriate enough to meet their own "minimum standards" for welfare payments. Some limit the amount that can be given to any one family, to discourage the poor from having large numbers of children. (The notion persists that the poor have children in order to obtain additional welfare allotments – an extraordinary idea considering the size of the increments.) As a result, a child in a large family may get less to eat than a child in a small family. The constitutionality of this arbitrary and discriminatory classification is being challenged by the parents of 10 AFDC children in Maryland, where the law increases aid only up to seven family members. In this case, the complaint follows an earlier and successful suit taken in Iowa.

It is characteristic of the American way of public welfare that people on the rolls are regularly cheated out of such benefits as the law provides. As a consequence of the high turnover among welfare employees, many of them never learn the complex regulations governing allowances or master the equally complex administrative procedures. And recipients, as we have noted, are rarely permitted to examine the regulations. The result is underbudgeting, which is estimated to deprive recipients of about 20 percent of what the law says should be included in their regular biweekly or monthly checks.

In addition to these regular checks, public assistance recipients in many places are entitled to receive special allowances, as needed, for clothing, household equipment and furniture. A study in central Harlem found that two-thirds of the AFDC mothers interviewed had never been informed by their investigators of the availability of such funds. There are 650,000 recipients in New York City. Informed observers estimate that it would cost an average of $100 to bring each recipient up to standard. In other words, the department has

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saved a total of $65 million in this fiscal year by not providing grants to which people are lawfully entitled.

Groups of recipients in New York City have become alert to these deprivations and have been circulating check lists of the items which welfare regulations define as entitlements. The completed check lists are submitted to the welfare department in bulk. As a result of this tactic many families have received special allotments, although sometimes after a long delay, and sometimes for only a few of the items requested. The client groups are now beginning to back up requests that the department meet "minimum standards" with applications for "fair hearings." This is likely to compel far more expeditious handling of the original requests, if only because of the expense and travail "fair hearing" procedures involve for government. In Washington, D.C., the chief of the welfare department's investigative arm recently protested the rising volume of appeals against the department's decision: "Our costs have gone up at least 25 percent because of this type of activity." The true purpose of these challenges he said, "is to increase the cost to the point where it is better to leave clients on the rolls."

Live Alone and Like It

Recipients are also cheated by techniques of computing other sources of income which are presumed to be available to them. Even where state law permits fathers to remain with their families without disqualifying them for benefits, the traditional "man-in-the-house" mentality persists: if a man is about, even though he is not a legal spouse, and even though he is not the father of the children, the presumption is often made that his income is available to the family, and their welfare payments are correspondingly reduced. If the man refuses to disclose his income, the mother and children can be dropped from the rolls.

One such case was recently heard by the New York State Department of Social Welfare. A 66-year-old recipient of Old-Age Assistance allowed a man of similar age to live in her home. Her benefits were terminated when the man refused to disclose his income. The state hearing officer agreed with the recipient that the mere fact that the man lived in her house did not demonstrate support, and that her grant should be reduced only by the amount of the man's actual contribution to the household expenses. As a result of another case recently heard in New York, the state has acknowledged that the "man-in-the-house" regulations are ambiguous, and that local welfare departments have exploited this ambiguity to impose an unlawful obligation upon men to support children not their own.

A more fundamental challenge is now in the federal courts in California. At issue is the constitutionality of a state provision which requires that the income of a stepfather be considered available to his stepchildren in computing the mother's AFDC benefits. But a man has no legal obligation to support his wife's children by a previous union; therefore, an AFDC mother deprived of a portion of her grant because of the stepfather's income cannot sue to compel him to contribute his income. This case is of more than passing interest to AFDC mothers, for welfare regulations in effect make them ineligible for marriage unless they can find a mate who is both able and willing to take over the support of their children. Such men are not in abundant supply, especially among the poor. In the California stepfather case, the desperate mother instituted divorce proceedings, and thereupon became eligible for AFDC again.

Recipients also lose funds because of the general reluctance of welfare departments to make any form of retroactive payment, even when they admit that benefits were unlawfully denied. A court action is pending in the District of Columbia, where an applicant for Aid to the Disabled was forced to wait 85 days for a decision, and then was not given retroactive payment although the department's regulations appear to authorize it.

As a consequence of the laws and practices we have described, only one in four of America's 32 million poor are now receiving public welfare – their aggregate benefits represent a mere .7 percent of national personal income. One reason is that federal enabling legislation leaves great power to the states and localities, which are typically harsh in dealings with the poor. Since most welfare laws and regulations are made by the states, or under the authority of state officials, they are designed to keep expenditures down – usually by seeing to it that as few people as possible obtain as few benefits as possible. Successful attacks in the courts could do much to alter welfare practices and to increase the volume of benefits available to people, provided that welfare departments comply with new regulations. Pressure to compel compliance is now beginning to be exerted by recipients' organizations springing up all over the country, as part of a new National Welfare Rights Movement which staged a series of demonstrations June 30 in more than 40 cities.

The growing legal assault is also helping to build a case for some new and federally administered income program. Each legal challenge reveals new abuses by the present system of locally administered public assistance. It thus adds to pressure for a federally administered income program (such as family allowances or a guaranteed income), which would provide uniform and decent grant levels based on need as the sole criterion for eligibility. The "poor law" still stands, but its foundation is beginning to crumble.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN *A 40-Year Visit*

In his later life George Santayana said, "If I go down in history at all, I'd like to go down not as a philosopher but as a man of letters." I can grant him his wish in a minuscule way because, in my own history, he is registered as he wished. I devoured *The Sense of Beauty* and *The Life of Reason* in my college days and will never forget the impression of gentle firmness forcing a reappraisal of matters that had been wool-wrapped – yet making the subjects greater, not lesser, for being rigorously stripped. Still it is as a man of letters that he lives for me: as a *writer* of philosophy, rather than an original thinker, as a novelist, as a memoirist, and as a literary critic. His poetry clings only in random phrases ("the soul's invincible surmise") and his verse tragedy *Lucifer* is dusty; but his three volumes of autobiography – two of which were smuggled out of wartime Italy for American publication – are treasures, as are some of his critical essays, and his one novel *The Last Puritan* is the last work of fiction about America that is truly comparable with Henry James.

Now James Ballowe has collected 17 of Santayana's essays about America that have not appeared before in book form.* Mr. Ballowe has also provided a generally helpful introduction and prefatory notes, although some of his praise is lavish. The essays vary sharply in interest and depth, which is natural since they were written between 1889 and 1932 (three of them appeared in this journal over 50 years ago), but the best of them are enlightening, sometimes poignant. Here Santayana is in 1932 remembering the Boston of his youth. He has just mentioned the statue of a female figure in the Boston Latin School.

> "There were also in the universe other ladies not made of marble. Sometimes a sweet creature would ask you to call. With some trepidation you walked up the handsome flight of brown stone steps that led to the abode of Elegance. You were kept waiting a long time for that imposing door to open. The first time, probably, you hadn't dared to pull the door-bell hard enough, for fear of breaking the wire. . . . You had a terrible feeling that you were not expected and not wanted; the simplicity and naturalness of the inmates, when finally one or two appeared, surprised and reassured you. These ladies were gentle, they were witty, above all they were kind; yet somehow you felt that you had interrupted their nap, that they had changed their clothes and smoothed their hair before coming down to receive you. Moreover, you were sure they would have received anybody else with the same sweetness and the same civility. No, you didn't call again."

It might come from *The Last Puritan*.

What this collection makes especially clear is the schismatic quality of Santayana's life and character. He was born in Spain, remained a Spanish national all his life, and could not speak a word of English until his ninth year when he was brought to Boston; yet he wrote only in English and it is questionable whether he can be called anything but an American figure. Although his internal ties with Spain were strong, it was in Italy that he chose to finish his life; yet he was buried in a tomb reserved for Spaniards in Rome. His religious outlook was always dominated by Catholic forms and colors, but it ranged far from orthodoxy, even from belief. He taught at Harvard for 23 years, was immersed in the spirit of that university (as one of these essays makes plain), and was a devoted teacher; nevertheless as soon as he was financially able, he quit Harvard and America, never to return. Years later when he was invited to New York, he declined on the ground that he could not come to America without visiting Harvard, which he did not want to do. Much of his thought was concerned with American character and problems, yet the man who wrote the sports essay "Philosophy on the Bleachers" (one of the weakest pieces in this book) has about as little in common with the man who spent those last years in a Roman convent as is possible for one and the same human being.

In that sports essay he says, "Motives are always easy to assign, unless we wish to get at the real one," but in the teeth of that warning, I will hazard a guess about his motives. It was because of his mother that he was brought to America as a child. (She was Spanish but she had made a promise to her American first husband to educate his children in America; George, her second husband's son, was swept along in the promise.) He always disliked his mother, although he was always properly dutiful, and it seems possible to me that his dislike for her was entwined with his feeling for the country to which she had brought him – was at least entwined with regret at not having been reared in Europe. True (as Mr. Ballowe points out), he said that America and American philosophy had aided in clearing and settling his mind, but any education and any experience are of use to a mind like Santayana's, and it is difficult not to believe that he would have preferred a different experience.

This oceanic schism in Santayana is undismissable from the modern reader's view, and it gives an odd aspect to some of these essays. All of us do a good deal of masquerading at various times in our lives for various reasons, and much of that masquerading, in a valid sense, is quite sincere: although we would not by ultimate choice be doing what we are doing, we nevertheless do it wholeheartedly. We know that Santayana left Harvard as soon as he could, so we can assume that, all during his life there, he had wanted to leave; yet "The Spirit and Ideals of Harvard University" is pretty much the kind of devotional piece one might expect from its title – and "A Glimpse of Yale" begins with a Harvard-Yale joke! There is something wry in comparing "Tradition and Practice" (1902)

(Continued on page 47)

* *George Santayana's America* Collected and with an Introduction by James Ballowe (University of Illinois Press; $5.75)

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The Algebra of Need

by Theodore Solotaroff

The Ticket That Exploded was written after *Naked Lunch* and as a sequel to it: "a mathematical extension of the Algebra of Need beyond the junk virus." It is only now being published in revised form in America, having been preceded by *The Nova Express* and *The Soft Machine*. If you have struggled through either of the latter, you are likely to find *The Ticket* to be more

The Ticket That Exploded
by William Burroughs
(Grove Press; $5.25)

of the same "cut-up" account of the Nova Mob, the Nova Police, and the perversions of the future. Being an earlier version, however, as well as a less extreme experiment in pastiche, collage, and electronic writing, about which Burroughs has added a number of passages of commentary, *The Ticket* provides a somewhat clearer sense of what Burroughs is doing in this series of "blue" science fiction novels.

The basis of Burroughs' fiction from *Naked Lunch* forward has been his depiction of the endemic lusts of body and mind which prey on men, hook them, and turn them into beasts: the pushers as well as the pushed. His model of this condition is, of course, drug addiction: the junky being the creature of total need and hence of total vulnerability. He is controlled both biologically and socially – both by the insatiable demands of his body and by the ruthless economy of the drug market. As Burroughs puts it: "Junk is the ideal product . . . the ultimate merchandise. . . . The junk merchant does not sell his product to the consumer, he sells the consumer to the product. He does not improve and simplify his merchandise. He degrades and simplifies the client."

Burroughs' experience of this combination of physical and social control, through fifteen years in the cracks and gutters of society, has enabled him to envision a general state of being which, in earlier ages, was known and felt as Hell. In *Naked Lunch* he develops a series of brilliant improvisations, or "bits," in which the more fiendish tendencies that possess men and society are raised to the same power of "total need" as the drug addict's. In these sketches, impersonations, and fantasies, Burroughs acts out an inferno where everyone is turned on, each in his own way; sex addicts, violence addicts, money addicts, power addicts, and so forth. The result is a species of gallows humor – obscene, ghastly, and timely – of bodily abuse and spiritual death.

Much of Burroughs' manner derives from the caustic mentality and idiom of the carny, the con-man, the vaudeville hoofer. Though it wanders across continents, *Naked Lunch* is firmly rooted in the dark side of the American imagination, where the figure of the cracker-barrel hustler has had a complex and vivid career. Burroughs' rural sheriffs, county clerks, and doctors, for example, recall the frontier comedy of Twain, T. B. Thorpe, George Harris, among others. They produced a wild humor, raw and crafty, based on the bodily functions, deformations and torments. Burroughs brings it up to date, thickens it with other idioms, but it is essentially the voice of the native American underground. There is Dr. Benway's tale of the carny ventriloquist, for example, who taught his bowels to talk:

> ". . . After a while the ass started talking on its own. He would go in without anything prepared and his ass would ad-lib and toss the gags back at him every time.
>
> Then it developed sort of teeth-like raspy in-curving hooks and started eating. He thought this was cute at first and built an act around it, but the asshole would eat its way through his pants and start talking on the street, shouting out it wanted equal rights. It would get drunk, too, and have crying jags nobody loved it and it wanted to be kissed same as any other mouth. Finally it talked all the time day and night, you could hear him for blocks screaming at it to shut up, and beating it with his fist, and sticking candles up it, but nothing did any good and the ass said to him: "It's you who will shut up in the end. Not me. Because we don't need you around here any more. I can talk and eat *and* shit."

This is also, of course, a brilliant fantasy of anality. Burroughs' grasp of the "Algebra of Need" and the power of his imagination often carry his comedy far into the buried recesses of the psyche. The only other contemporary artist I know of who has been able to spring repressions in this virtually total way and hold up for inspection the maniacal impulses on which all of us sit, some better than others, was Lenny Bruce. It is more than a coincidence that they were both drug addicts, both conversant with the far reaches of fantasy and with the baleful knowledge of how desperate and diabolical men are under the right conditions. Moreover, the addict's special view of the smug inhumanity of society – for example, the fact that some addictions such as nicotine and alcohol are national pastimes while others are criminal offenses – and his natural animus against the authorities and citizens who thrive within the society, provide an aggressive energy and razor edge to their insight. The fact that they are both comedians is also much to the point, for humor is a powerful instrument in mediating the incongruities of the psyche, in giving a structure and power to the dull gibberish that makes up most of the actual content inside our heads. Most of us have had the experience of striking a vein of comic fantasy that goes on and on, cuts deeper and deeper, knits up

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more and more threads of experience. Burroughs, like Bruce, has the gift, I'd say genius, to do so almost constantly.

Often in *Naked Lunch* Burroughs' imagination of depravity goes so far out that the human fades into the animal and the up-turned, crawling, horrific visions of the unfed junky come into view. Thus, at one point, he writes of "Mugwumps" and "Reptiles":

> "Mugwumps have no liver and nourish themselves exclusively on sweets. Thin, purple-blue lips cover a razor-sharp beak of black bone with which they frequently tear each other to shreds in fights over clients. These creatures secrete an addicting fluid from their erect penises which prolongs life by slowing metabolism. . . . *Addicts of Mugwump fluid are* known as Reptiles. . . . A fan of green cartilage covered with hollow, erectile hairs through which the Reptiles absorb the fluid sprouts from behind each ear. The fans, which move from time to time touched by invisible currents, serve also some form of communication known only to Reptiles."

In his more recent books, Burroughs has been transmuting the addict vision more persistently in this way. *The Nova Express, The Soft Machine,* and now *The Ticket That Exploded* all make use of the same futuristic locale as a framework for inventing surrealistic images of virulent life that obey the laws of the "Algebra of Need." For example, there are the "heavy metal" addicts from Uranus (junkies), the "flesh addicts" (homosexuals) from Venus, the hot Crabmen (police) and so forth. At the same time, the pushers, con artists and other reprobates from *Naked Lunch* have been brought together as the Nova Mob which runs the planet by controlling the mass media – as well as the other channels of addiction – which they use to infect the citizenry with a "word virus" that sustains and exacerbates group conflicts. And in each novel, the Mob is defeated and disbanded by the Nova Police led by Inspector Lee (a reformed addict who is one of Burroughs' surrogates in *Naked Lunch*) along with underground partisans that attack and dismantle the word and image machinery of the "control addicts."

This fable and the commentary about it form a thin thread of continuity through what is becoming the virtually trackless landscape of Burroughs' imagination, which he presents in these books as a kind of dream movie going on in his mind. Just as this "film" is edited to conform to the associative, non-logical imagery of dream, so the sound track is often "cut-up" and mixed together. Thus, his fantasies of the future often mingle with and dissolve into his memories of the past; monologues, dialogues, and commentary fade in and out; while certain figures and obsessive themes – masturbation and sodomy; hanging, mutilation, and cannibalism; parasitism and *plasmic transformations; brainwash*ing and electronic consciousness, and so forth – loom up and fall away in the maze and haze of the language:

> "Naked boy on association line – I stay near right now – be shifted harsh at this time of day – The levanto dances between mutual erections fading in hand – trail my Summer afternoons . . . My number is K9 – I am a Biologic from frayed jacket sitting out in lawn chairs with the St. Louis suburb – not looking around – taking away – arab drum music in the suburban air –"

Some of the sections, to be sure, are a good deal more clear and straightforward than this; and some of the versions of "cut-up" such as the mingling of popular song titles and lyrics in a hilarious and gruesome parody of sentimental *"love,"* are very effective. Moreover, as one goes back over such passages, they become more intelligible and at times beautiful. But though Burroughs has broken up the syntactical logic of English in order to renovate and heighten its expressiveness, and to rescue it – and us – from the debased and insidious uses to which it is put – one finds that the method often lands him in merely a different kind of banality. The associations that invest the images with significance and tie them together in some kind of meaning derive from habits of thought and feeling that Burroughs feels free to indulge, and perhaps has to indulge to

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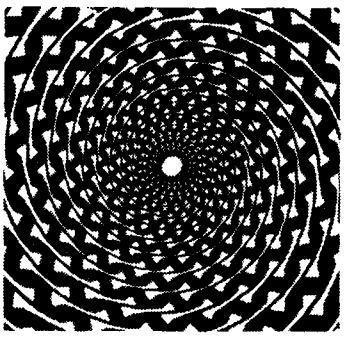

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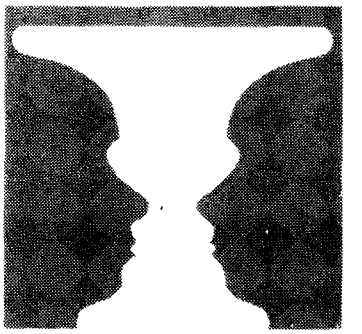

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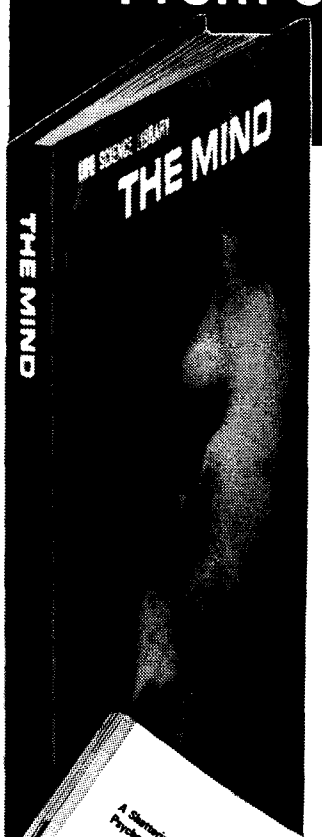

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keep track of himself. Thus what is gained in language is lost in content. The result is often arresting fragments of scenes, characters, thoughts that never develop and merely repeat the same circuit of consciousness – a kind of brilliant merry-go-round of Burroughs' psyche.

Still Burroughs is such a good writer, his imagination works in such original as well as compulsive ways that one can only reserve judgment about the eventual outcome of these experiments. Moreover, for all of his acting out of impulse and cutting up of phrases he is a deadly serious man. If he has one foot in the garish, corrosive sensibility of the addict, the carny, the lower depths of show biz, the other is anchored in a moral austerity that is almost Puritanical. However curious or perverse it may seem, the writer he most reminds me of is T. S. Eliot, whose language and themes pervade Burroughs' later work far more than those of any other author and whose own experiments in pastiche and collage such as *The Waste Land* are a major resource of the modern tradition which Burroughs is attempting to extend. It is worth noting that both Burroughs and Eliot grew up in the Protestant, genteel class in St. Louis, (In his essay "St. Louis Return," published in the *Paris Review*, Burroughs recalls a friend whose "mother had been to dancing school with "Tommy Eliot," and he, characteristically, goes on to muse: "His socks wouldn't stay up. His hands were clammy. I will show you fear in dancing school.") Both writers carry in their bones that strain of Puritan refinement that characterized the WASP elite in America and that often went hand-in-hand with the salty imagination of the hinterland to produce a certain dry but charged temperament. For all of his sordid, gray years as an addict, there is still in Burroughs a very visible core of the aristocrat. Conrad Knickerbocker in his *Paris Review* interview with Burroughs – a fine and indispensable one – describes him as follows:

> "He wore a gray lightweight Brooks Brothers suit with vest, a blue-striped shirt from Gibraltar cut in the English style, and a deep blue tie with small white polka dots. His manner was . . . didactic or forensic. He might have been a senior partner in a private bank. . . . A friend of the interviewer, spotting him across the lobby, thought he was a British diplomat."

The description could serve for Eliot whose Anglican appearance became so complete in later life that one easily forgets how conversant he was with the wild side of life in a work like "Sweeny Agonistes." In a way, Burroughs is a sort of Eliot turned inside out: what Edmund Wilson sees as the buried "rascal," the canny impersonator in the poet carried to the fore in the novelist, while Eliot's surface of the man of spiritual austerity is driven deep in Burroughs' nature. But the vision of the modern world as a wasteland, a gray, ugly soulless place where everything is permitted, is finally the same. Here is a passage by Burroughs, taken from his St. Louis essay and put in poetic form:

> "Acres of rusting car bodies
> Streams crusted with yesterday's sewage
> American flag over an empty field
> Wilson Stomps Cars – City of Xenia Disposal
> South Hills, a vast rubbish heap
> Where are the people?
> What in the name of Christ goes on here?
> Church of Christ . . . crooked crosses in winter stubble."

I know that it seems odd to compare a writer to Lenny Bruce and T. S. Eliot in one and the same review. But such are the extremes of experience from which the writing of William Burroughs derives and draws its energies. He is one of the small group of American novelists today who are both vital and complex, and though his last three books seem to me to reach a brilliantly lit dead end they also possess the kind of genuine innovation that keeps the novel alive and the literary enterprise going.

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During the summer months, The New Republic will not appear on:

July 29

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Weekly publication will be resumed with the issue dated September 2

The Chief Justice

by Gerald W. Johnson

Impeachment of two of Earl Warren's thirteen predecessors in the office of Chief Justice of the United States was seriously advocated by men some of whom were not identified with the lunatic fringe. The two were Marshall and Taney. To the list must now be added the name of the fourteenth man to preside over the high court. It is an interesting and without doubt a significant circumstance, noted by Mr. Leo Katcher with a shocked surprise that damages the opening chapter of his otherwise admirable study of Chief Justice Warren. Proliferation all over the country of billboards, bumper stickers, and placards reading, "Impeach Earl Warren," moves him so strongly that his first few pages are written in a staccato style reminiscent of an Arthur Brisbane editorial. This may lead a browsing reader to the assumption that the whole book is as empty, which is not the fact.

Earl Warren: A Political Biography
by Leo Katcher
(McGraw-Hill, $8.50)

It is, on the contrary, a competent, informative, and persuasive description of a singularly baffling, therefore fascinating, public figure. It is a friendly book, but not uncritical. It is emphatically not designed primarily to cover and conceal the subject's warts. It is

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truncated, of course, for the man is not dead yet, and nobody can summarize any career until it is finished. To assert flatly that Katcher understands Warren would be injudicious, not to say reckless, but it is obvious that he has made an intelligent effort to do so, and to most readers his findings will carry a high plausibility.

The strange thing is that he has probably furnished ammunition to both sides. One must hastily exclude from this generalization the kooks, who manufacture their own ammunition in their vivid imaginations, and the crooks, whose motivation is explained by the adage, "no thief e'er felt the halter draw with good opinion of the law." But among the majority who have never merited the professional attention either of the psychiatrists or of the police, and who agree that Katcher has told what he believes to be – and what in general is – the truth, there will remain a sharp division. Some will be convinced that the book vindicates Warren completely, while others will cite the identical testimony as damning him.

The explanation is that the personality of Warren has been of diminishing public interest since his elevation to the bench. Today he is less a man than an abstraction, a sort of *locus in quo*, the point where the rows begin, the eye of the storm around which the winds of controversy whirl. The popular term, "the Warren Court," shows it. Without the backing of at least four of his associates the Chief Justice has no power whatever; yet whenever public interest in its decisions is intense the Court is regarded as subsumed in the Chief Justice. Thus *Marbury* vs. *Madison* is called Marshall's, and *Dred Scott*, Taney's decision. By the same token, *Brown* vs. *Board of Education*, probably will be forever Warren's decision, regardless of the fact that all nine judges agreed on this, the leading school segregation case. The civil rights decisions were its direct sequelae, and even the reapportionment ("one man, one vote") decrees followed logically. Opposition to them all is, however, focused on the Chief Justice.

That this is just cause for complaint by the man's friends is open to doubt. If the test of time proves that the decisions were just and wise, he will certainly receive the credit. If they fail the test, why should he not shoulder the blame? In any event, it is what will happen, and to protest the inevitable is futile. For the rest, the Bedlamites and felons apart, nobody impugns the integrity of the Chief Justice today. The debate hinges on temperament, not on turpitude.

Here, again, is no decision. It is historical fact that in his political philosophy Warren has proceeded from the rather far-out right to the equivalent position on the left. At the start of his career as a county prosecutor he was, to put it bluntly, a racist, a chauvinist, and an economic primitive. Today, in all three aspects, he is the opposite. This may indicate a capacity for intellectual growth, excellent in a judge; or it may indicate instability, not desirable in any leader. The suggestion that it is apostasy ("I would lynch him," said Fulton Lewis) may be left to those deprived of their marbles. But, even as beauty is in the eye of the beholder, so judgment of growth or instability is in the mind of the observer, largely determined by his preconceived opinions. Katcher's pages can be read to support either view.

But this must not be understood as an insinuation that the author has written to no purpose. On the contrary, he has produced a personality study of rare excellence. His subtitle is "A Political Biography," and that is correct in the sense that it deals almost exclusively with a career in elective office – District Attorney, Attorney-General of California, Governor, candidate for Vice President in 1948, California's Favorite Son candidate for the Republican nomination for President in 1952, before his appointment to the bench. All these, except the governorship, involved politics in the narrow sense, and it was precisely in the governorship that Warren first evinced an understanding that, while the word "politics" covers both, there is a sharp distinction between public service and partisanship. His enemies – again excluding the mentally underprivileged – are those who never saw that distinction, or never saw it clearly.

This development Mr. Katcher traces with great skill. Perhaps the summation of the whole book is compressed into a single paragraph:

> "Earl Warren acted as he did in those years because he did not know any better. What few realized was how soon Earl Warren would not only know better, but would know more. Not even Earl Warren could have realized at that time how much better and how much more."

This is, of course, the pro-Warren view which the antis would reverse, but that a progression occurred nobody denies. Furthermore, its path was through the mystic maze of California politics from Hiram Johnson to Pat Brown and it is proof of Katcher's consummate skill as a literary navigator that he can make the chaos understandable and almost credible. The pictures he draws of such figures as Brown, Nixon, the Knowlands, Kuchel, Upton Sinclair and a platoon of lesser lights may be distorted, but are certainly vivid. In all probability they will also incite acrimonious debate.

Katcher is discreet about his sources, but unquestionably he had the active assistance of some intimates of the Chief Justice. It is, however, a temptation to predict a prompt disavowal of the sharply critical portrait of Eisenhower. It is a temptation to predict, also, that the disavowal will be a matter of protocol, for there is no question that Eisenhower's policy of inaction was applied rigorously when the judiciary most needed active follow-up support by the executive.

The investigation of President Kennedy's murder appears in this account as an extremely ruthless imposition by President Johnson. It brought Warren nothing but months of excessively hard labor and a still-continuing shower of dead cats. It was an extreme test of sacrificial patriotism.

In sum, Mr. Katcher has not definitively established Earl Warren as a great Chief Justice, but he has undoubtedly proved that he is a significant one, probably the third most significant in the history of the Court. Nor has he closed the door to greatness. The currently important thing, though, is that he has written a fascinating book, worth the attention of the critics, as well as the friends of the fourteenth Chief Justice.

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Tillich's Questions and Answers

by Roger Hazelton

Those who knew Paul Tillich even slightly were quick to recognize in him a seldom encountered intellectual greatness. His mind had a style of its own: gravely lucid, wide-ranging, refreshingly different from the ingrown dogmatism of so many of his theological contemporaries. At two points especially he seemed to stand above them. He was able to penetrate with remarkable agility and accuracy into viewpoints and issues taking shape within the general culture, whether in politics, psychotherapy or in the plastic arts. And to this gift he added another – the power of a synthesizing comprehension which could discover basic, relevant connections where others saw only fragmentation or contradiction.

Systematic Theology,
Three Volumes in One
by Paul Tillich
(Harper & Row; $12.50)

Tillich's exceptional intellectual qualities found their most ample outlet in his *Systematic Theology*, now published as a whole and containing the three volumes brought out at seven-year intervals between 1951 and 1963. Tillich was determined to get his *Systematics* finished despite an exhausting schedule of other writing, changes in academic appointment (he "retired" at least three times), travel and engagements of many sorts, not to mention his continual participation in conferences and his promotion of worthy social causes.

In Tillich the *Herr Professor* took on a new, Americanized dimension. By no means a recondite or withdrawn scholar (he loved the world too much for that), he greatly enhanced the prestige of his profession by demonstrating that ardent rationality and critical responsibility belong together. One of his favorite teaching words was "tension," and he knew its meaning intimately. He was a far more dialectical thinker than most of the theologians who claimed to be so; and although he preferred the word "systematic" to characterize his own work, the thought that went into it was very far from being as much of a monologue or package as this term suggests.

Systematic Theology makes Tillich's life work available in the form in which he himself envisaged it, a summing up of his reflections on the significance of modern culture and the Christian faith for one another. It is a quite uneven work, undeniably great in its conception but redundant or inconclusive at some crucial points, which Tillich himself would probably have been the first to grant.

What gives the *Systematic Theology* its decisive signature and texture? More than anything else, it is what Tillich called the question-answer correlation. Once toward the very end of his career he said to some students at Santa Barbara: "I presuppose in my theological thinking the entire history of Christian thought up until now, and I consider the attitude of those people who are in doubt or estrangement or opposition to everything ecclesiastical and religious, including Christianity. And I have to speak to them. My work is with those who ask questions, and for them I am here." That remark explains why topics like Ambiguity, Anxiety and Estrangement figure as prominently in the common index as Faith, Kingdom and Spirit. What gave body and drive to Tillich's monumental effort was his unshakable conviction that cultural questions could be met and satisfied by Christian answers. His is therefore an *answering* theology, which is also to say a *listening* theology. In the *Systematics* there are several variations of this question-answer scheme: situation and message, world and church, "existential" and "essential" being, among others. His confidence that theology can establish meaningful correlations between these polarities is fundamental to his entire enterprise; it is a working *a priori* which cannot itself be questioned if the questions dealt with in the system are to find theological answers.

Still another sort of confidence that shines through the pages of this epochal work, particularly in its new

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format, is closely related to what Tillich called his "ontology." Almost alone among the significant theological minds of his time, Tillich never despaired of knowing Being. In this respect he belonged to the classical Christian past rather than to its troubled present. By "ontology," to be sure, he meant something quite unlike traditional conceptions stemming from neo-Platonic or idealistic sources; and he tried to overcome the conflicts between rationalists and pragmatists, absolutists and positivists, in his own thought. Yet he did not waver in his view that human thinking lies open to and is based upon "that which is"; indeed, radical skepticism was to him strictly unthinkable. This confidence kept him from setting philosophy and theology against each other, as was the current fashion; it also kept the lines between them fluctuating and indistinct, especially when he came to discuss the central Christian matter of "Jesus as the Christ."

The dominant tone is always affirmative. The text is made up mainly of declarative sentences, generally of quite simple construction, with a noticeable absence of interrogations and imperatives. The lingering Germanism of his writing style shows itself chiefly in his preference for large, loose-jointed abstract nouns, and an almost total avoidance of concrete illustrations. Tillich is very sparing in his use of neologisms, although he can burnish familiar terms until they shine with unexpected brilliance. The density of his thought consists in its very abstractness, which imparts the sense of "depth" he prized so greatly and wanted to communicate. In Tillich's writing, just as in his speaking, the concept remains in control, even when he is referring to such symbols for God as "Lord" and "Father," for example.

What does Tillich *teach*? The system consists of five parts, each divided into two sections, one expressing the human situation or question, the other setting forth the theological answer. There is a rhythm of thought which yields not so much an argument in the classical sense as a theme with variations.

Man, says Tillich, experiences his present situation chiefly "in terms of

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disruption, conflict, self-destruction, meaninglessness and despair in all realms of life." This may be documented by looking at his arts, philosophy (particularly existentialism), political and social tensions, and attempts to analyze and treat the lesions of the unconscious. The question that emerges is whether there is a reality in which our self-estrangement can be overcome, through rapport with which man can discover for himself a reconciling, reuniting "New Being." Tillich believed with all his mind and heart that such a reality is accessible and available to every man in his need, and that this assurance is the crux of the Christian message.

If we ask where this New Being is disclosed, the theological answer is "in Jesus as the Christ." For Tillich this is not a claim to be defended against other religious options, but a confession to be given with "ultimate concern" for everything that makes man human. The symbol of Christ, concrete, historic, and traditional as it is, is nevertheless also a universally valid one. Its meaning is that human existence everywhere and always can be renewed through ecstatic participation in being-itself, which is Tillich's word for God.

This involves of course considering the place and worth of Bible and Church in addressing the human situation with the Christian message – a task which Tillich accomplishes with rare learning and critical insight. Every theologian finds it necessary to reinterpret the handed-down images and formulations of his faith in order to show that they mean more than they seem to say, or can be made to say what they really mean. Tillich is no exception. In the reinterpreting process as he carries it on, some traditional concepts and symbols come off rather badly, and those who are still wedded to them naturally take offense. But the remarkable thing is that, given Tillich's unwavering allegiance to the question-answer scheme, so much of the tradition can be retrieved and enhanced.

Just how well Tillich commends and conveys the Christian message in this or that respect is a matter which has already been widely, earnestly discussed. But there is abundant evidence of general and continued admiration for the spaciousness, vitality, and rich elaboration of Tillich's vision, in which truth and faith are fused with incomparable appeal and power.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Roger Hazelton, *Abbot Professor of Christian Theology at Andover Newton Theological School, is the author of several books about religion.* Theodore Solotaroff *is editor of* New American Review, *the first edition of which will be published in September.*

MOVIES

Saddle Sore

There is a fairly widespread assumption that no matter how bad American movies in general are, the Westerns are still great, as if the air of the wide open spaces would have kept the genre clean.

I don't believe that there ever were the great works in this genre that so many people claim for it. There were some good Westerns, of course, and there was a beautiful kind of purity in some of them, and later even the ritual plots and dull action were, at least, set outdoors, and the horses were often good to look at. But all that was a long time ago. The last good Western that had this ritual purity was Sam Peckinpah's *Ride the High Country*, which came out in 1962. (I am not forgetting David Miller's *Lonely Are the Brave*, which came out at the same time: despite the ingenious and entertaining performance by Walter Matthau and the excellent performance by Kirk Douglas, the Dalton Trumbo script gives the film that awful messagey self-righteousness of *High Noon* and *The Gunfighter* and a fake ironic tragedy, an O. Henry finish – the "last" cowboy is run down by a truck loaded with toilets.) Kids may read the same novel by Robert Louis Stevenson that their parents did, but in movies parents think in terms of the old *Stagecoach* and the kids are going to the new *Stagecoach*. Probably in no art except movies can new practitioners legally eliminate competition from the past. A full-page notice in *Variety* gave warning that Twentieth Century-Fox, which released the 1966 *Stagecoach*, featuring Bing Crosby and Ann-Margret, would "vigorously" prosecute the exhibition of the 1939 original – John Ford's classic Western, one of the most highly regarded and influential movies ever made.

Surely the public should have the right to see the old as well as the new? And not just for its own sake but because that is how we learn about an art. How else do we develop a critical sense about new novels, new paintings, new music, new poetry? If the old is legally retired, we become barbarians (movie barbarians, at least) without a past. The producer of the new version, Martin Rackin, said, "In the process of updating, we can improve on the old films by learning from their mistakes." With equal cynicism, one may reply, "Then why do you remove the old films so that new generations cannot appreciate how much you've improved on them?"

Just about every good Western made since 1939 has imitated *Stagecoach* or has learned something from it. Ironically, the 1966 version merely took the plot and the character stereotypes; and without the simple, clear, epic vision with which John Ford informed them, they are just standard Western equipment. The original *Stagecoach* had a mixture of revery and reverence about the American past that made the picture seem almost folk art; we *wanted* to believe in it even if we didn't. That's what *Ride the High Country* had, too.

The 1966 *Stagecoach* was undistinguished – a big, brawling action picture that gets audience reactions by brutal fights and narrow escapes photographed right on top of you. The director, Gordon Douglas, doesn't trust you to project yourself imaginatively into

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his stagecoach; he tries to force you into it – which may make you want to escape to the farthest row in the balcony. Kurosawa (who acknowledges his debt to John Ford) can plunge you into action to make you experience the meaning of action. When the Gordon Douglas crew does it, all it means is that they don't want you to get bored. And probably the most that can be said about their movie is that it isn't boring – but then, that could be said of most visits to the dentist.

No one mistakes the 1966 *Stagecoach* for folk art. And though Rackin and company cast Ann-Margret as the prostitute-with-a-heart-of-gold, nobody misunderstands, because Ann-Margret comes through dirty no matter what she plays. She does most of her acting inside her mouth. Julie Andrews could play a promiscuous girl in *The Americanization of Emily* and shine with virtue; Ann-Margret gleams with built-in innuendo. She's like Natalie Wood with sex, a lewd mechanical doll. Men seem to have direct-action responses to Ann-Margret: they want to give her what she seems to be asking for. (A new variation on "star quality"?) This may represent a new polarization of screen types – the good Julie Andrews, the bad Ann-Margret. They're both willing, but for one it's "natural," for the other it's "dirty." Or, as they used to say, it ain't what you do but the way that you do it.

What makes it a "Western" is no longer the wide open spaces but the presence of men like John Wayne, James Stewart, Henry Fonda, Robert Mitchum, Kirk Douglas, and Burt Lancaster, grinning with their big new choppers, sucking their guts up into their chests, and hauling themselves onto horses. They are the heroes of a new Western mythology: stars who have aged in the business, who have survived and who go on dragging their world-famous, expensive carcasses through the same old motions. That is the essence of their heroism and their legend. The new Western is a joke and the stars play it for laughs, and the young film enthusiasts react to the heroes not because they represent the mythological heroes of the Old West but because they are mythological movie stars. An actor in his forties would be a mere stripling in a Western these days. Nor would he *belong* in these movies which derive their small, broad humor from the fact that the actors have been doing what they're doing so long that they're *professional* Westerners. Like Queen Victoria, John Wayne has become lovable because he's stayed in the saddle into a new era.

The world has changed since audiences first responded to John Wayne as a simple cowboy thirty-seven years ago; now, when he does the same things and represents the same simple values, he's so archaic, it's funny. We used to be frightened of a reactionary becoming "a man on horseback"; now that seems the best place for him.

My father went to a Western just about every night of his life that I remember. He didn't care if it was a good one or a bad one or if he'd seen it before. He said it didn't matter. I have just seen three new Westerns – *The Way West, The War Wagon,* and *El Dorado* – and I think I understand what my father meant. If you're going for *a* Western (the same way you'd sit down to watch *a* television show), it doesn't much matter which one you see. And if you're going for something else, even the best one of these three isn't good enough.

The Way West is about as bad an epic Western as I've ever seen. Students in college film programs sometimes say they can learn more from bad movies than from good ones, because they can examine what the director did wrong: to them *The Way West* should serve as a textbook. Everything vital to explain what's going on seems to be missing. It's a jerk's idea of an epic: big stars, big landscapes, bad jokes, folksy-heroic music by Bronislau Kaper to plug up the holes, and messy hang-ups. In the neurotic Western mode, the leader of this 1843 caravan of pioneers, Kirk Douglas, goes in for self-flagellation. (He arranges for his Negro servant to whip him; the darkies have the best rhythm?) Richard Widmark's desire to go west seems to be some sort of compulsive behavior; and Robert Mitchum – the scout! – must be cozened out of irrational mourning for his Indian wife. And to make sure that 1967 audiences won't find this pioneering too old-fashioned, the villainess is

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a frightened virgin and the heroine is a teenager so grotesquely avid for sex that at one point her lusty parents tease that if she doesn't get a husband pretty soon they'll have to mate her with an ox – a line which gets a big laugh. (Maybe it *should*, because oxen don't mate.) Crude as this movie is, audiences seem to enjoy it; it has that stage-Irish comic sentimentality that used to destroy one's pleasure in many of the John Ford epics and was possibly responsible for their box-office success. *The Way West* was directed by Andrew V. McLaglen, a chip off the old block.

Burt Kennedy's *The War Wagon* is classy Western camp with John Wayne and Kirk Douglas in a black leather shirt, wearing a ring on his black glove. There are pretty little visual divertissements out of von Sternberg's *Shanghai Gesture* and Buñuel's *L'Age d'Or* and Cocteau's *Orpheus*, and hard-edge cinematography (by William H. Clothier, who also did the more conventional shooting of *The Way West*) that makes the actors look like Pop cut-outs. The delicate decorator colors include fancy salmon pinks; and there's real bougainvillea growing in the sets. There's even a camp version of back-lash when the Indians tell John Wayne that they're not asking him to dinner because having a white man at table offends them. Howard Keel turns up playing an Indian named Levi Walking Bear, and old Bruce Cabot (who saved Fay Wray from King Kong) turns up looking like Maurice Chevalier. And *The War Wagon* has an opening song by Dimitri Tiomkin to tell us it's going to be tough and hard-headed – "All men are fightin' for a wagon full of gold. . . ." In Hollywood that's realistic philosophy.

What does all the "chic" amount to and who is it for? It's a kind of sophisticated exhibitionism. I received a publicity release from the company that represents *The War Wagon* that puts the movie in more accurate perspective. It's entitled "Suggestions for a Feature" and it reads:

> "John Wayne's Western movies are always made in color. In two colors, to be exact: greenback green and glittering gold.
>
> Not a single one of more than 200 films of the great-outdoorsy genre he's made since 1929 has ever lost money. It's a fact of Hollywood life that John Wayne Westerns always show a profit.
>
> For let's face it: John Wayne *is* the Western movie today. Westerns are a folk phenomenon, the one kind of film which has never really fallen from favor, even temporarily. The cinematic years since 'The Great Train Robbery' have seen thousands of Western movies, and hundreds of Western heroes. There are scores of them fully and gainfully occupied right this minute, both on theatre and TV screens.
>
> But among them all, there's only one John Wayne. He looms above the others the way the heroes' heads on Mount Rushmore dominate the surrounding pebbles. He may be a homely, middle-aged, battered, unpretentious, non-Actors Studio guy, but he is *the* Western star. And he is undoubtedly going to remain *the* Western star until he's so old he falls off his horse – which will likely be never.
>
> Big John's next big one, 'The War Wagon,' is likely to be an especially lucrative lollapalooza. It has the kind of rugged, roisterous script which is the perfect setting for this human diamond-in-the-rough. . . .
>
> We suggest a story on those three phenomenal W's: Westerns, Wayne and 'War Wagon.' It could turn out to be WWWonderful."

That drool contains the awful germy truth: Westerns are money in the bank. When the big studios were breaking up in the fifties and the big box-office stars were forming their own production companies, the Westerns were the safest investment. The studios tried to get whatever money was left in big-name contract stars like Clark Gable and Robert Taylor; and other stars, like Wayne and Douglas and Lancaster, going into business on their own, wanted to protect their investments. That's how the modern Western with the big old stars took over the genre. Others who went into the "safe" genre in the fifties, like Gregory Peck and Frank Sinatra, dropped out (not, I am afraid, from disgust but from financial failure); but Douglas and Lancaster persisted and were joined later by Robert Mitchum. Soon, because they were so well-known anyway and people don't know much about film history, they could pass for old-time Western heroes, like Wayne.

The structure of this Western-movie business is becoming as feudalistic as the movies themselves: Kirk Douglas has a production company named for his mother (Bryna), another for his son (Joel), yet another for himself and a partner (Douglas-Lewis), etc.; *The War Wagon* is produced by John Wayne's company, Batjac. These corporate-head Westerners appear in each other's films; there are jobs for their sons and their old buddies and the sons of their old buddies. The next big Batjac production is *The Green Berets*, which Wayne himself will direct and one of his sons will produce.

And so we have Kirk Douglas exposing his fat over-muscled chest in *The War Wagon* and doing a series of parodied leaps onto a horse. And for all the aestheticism of dust and hooves and flowers, after a while it might just

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as well be *The Way West*: when it's the tired comic spectacle of rich old men degrading themselves for more money and fame and power, does it much matter if it's done poorly or with chic? In some ways the chic is more offensive.

The classic Western theme is the doomed hero – the man without a future because the way of life is changing, the frontier is vanishing, and the sheriff and the schoolteacher are representatives of progress and a new order. The hero is the living antique who represents the best of the old order just as it is disappearing. But star-centered movies and TV gave the Westerner a new future: he's got to keep the series alive. The toilets won't run him down because that would be flushing away good money. Douglas in *The War Wagon* has metamorphosed back into his post-World War II character – the heel. He's now the too-smart Westerner, mercenary and untrustworthy in a way the audience is supposed to like. His Westerner is a swinger – a wisecracking fancy-talker with intentionally anachronistic modern attitudes.

El Dorado combines Wayne and Mitchum, both looking exhausted. The director, Howard Hawks, is also tired, and like Ford, he doesn't want to go out on location. The theory of why Westerns are such a great form is that directors can show what they can really do in the framework of a ritualized genre and the beauty of the West. But the directors are old and rich, too. (Ford was born in 1895 and directed his first movie in 1917; Hawks was born in 1896 and has been in films since 1918, directing them since the mid-twenties.) Their recent movies look as if they were made for television. Except for a few opening shots, *El Dorado* is a studio job – and it has the second-worst lighting of any movie in recent years (the worst: *A Countess from Hong Kong*). When the movie starts, you have the sense of having come in on a late episode of a TV serial. Mitchum plays a drunken old sheriff (like Charles Winninger in *Destry Rides Again*), and there are home remedies for alcoholism, vomiting scenes that are supposed to be hilarious, and girls who hide their curls under cowboy hats and are mistaken for boys until the heroes start to wrestle with them. Wayne has a beautiful horse in this one – but when he's hoisted onto it and you hear the thud, you don't know whether to feel sorrier for man or beast.

The Old West was a dream landscape with simple masculine values; the code of the old Western heroes probably wouldn't have much to say to audiences today. But the old stars, battling through stories that have lost their ritual meaning, are part of a new ritual that does have meaning. There's nothing dreamy about it: these men have made themselves movie-stars – which impresses audiences all over the world. The fact that they can draw audiences to a genre as empty as the contemporary Western is proof of their power. Writers and painters now act out their fantasies by becoming the superstars of their own movies (and of the mass media); Wayne and Douglas and Mitchum and the rest of them do it on a bigger scale. When it makes money, it's not just their fantasy. The heroes nobody believes in – except as movie-stars – are the result of a corrupted art-form. Going to a Western these days for simplicity or heroism or grandeur or meaning is about like trying to mate with an ox.

PAULINE KAEL

A COMMUNICATION

In Defense of Skelly Wright

Professor Alexander M. Bickel has sharply censured Judge J. Skelly Wright (July 8) for attempting to deal with some of the more odious features of the Washington, D.C., school system. I confess a certain puzzlement

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about his opening remark that "the Constitution does not put at the disposal of judges the resources to prevent, abolish, or even alleviate poverty" or other social ills. This statement is either self-evident – and therefor trivial – or naïve. Certainly judges have not the power to fund a "War on Poverty." They can and do insist, however, that when the law touches the poor, it does so fairly and equably. The right to counsel, to be informed about rights in the police station of which most ghetto residents are ignorant, to a free transcript on appeal, to vote without payment of a poll tax – all of these Supreme Court-established rights alleviate poverty – in a direct and immediate sense.

Let us look at the District's schools. The median per pupil expenditure in District of Columbia elementary schools for 1963-64 was $292 for schools with 85 to 100 percent Negro enrollment, and $392 for schools with 0 to 15 percent Negro enrollment. In the 13 schools in the wealthy area west of Rock Creek Park, the median per pupil expenditure was $424.

Professor Bickel assumes that this difference is due to higher teacher salaries in the white schools. In fact, the evidence before Judge Wright showed that only a fraction of the disparity could be thus accounted for. Moreover, higher teacher salaries are an index of superior training – graduate degrees, experience, and the like. The disparity also reflects underutilization of white schools, to which the obvious solution is to redraw school lines and transfer in Negro children.

Another central feature of District education is the track system, the abolition of which by Judge Wright's order does not at all (as Professor Bickel suggests) betoken an end to classification of children for educational purposes. Judge Wright insists only that the basic constitutional command of equality be followed: If children are to be classified, some to receive one kind of educational experience and some another, the system must treat alike all those similarly situated, and must not judge those differently situated by standards appropriate to one group but not to another.

In the field of education, these choices are difficult. But must a court stand idle when it is shown that children are consigned to an education fitting them for unskilled or semiskilled labor upon the basis of tests designed so that only white middle-class children do well on them? This is precisely the vice of the track system. The testing program applies a single standard to all socioeconomic groups, finds (not unexpectedly) that the white children do well when tested, consigns the poor and black to an inferior education which contributes to lack of social mobility, then in a few years begins the process over again on thé children of these "rejects."

Finally, Judge Wright's opinion deals with segregation. Professor Bickel ignores the court's finding that the Board of Education has been affirmatively satisfied when neighborhood schools result in segregation. And the fact is that as Washington's racial population changed, school lines were redrawn to minimize the number of white students trapped in schools suddenly become Negro. Too, underutilization of white schools combined with often-egregious overcrowding of Negro schools bespeaks an intent not only to tolerate segregation but to permit it to be augmented with discrimination in the kind and quality of educational experience received by white and Negro children.

Let us consider Judge Wright's response to these problems in the context of the District of Columbia's unique governmental structure. The District's citizens do not govern themselves. The Congress, in which they have neither voice nor vote, legislates for them. The District Committee of the House of Representatives is chaired by John McMillan of South Carolina and is dominated by white conservatives of both parties. The Senate District Commitee is a little better, but still suffers under the chairmanship of Alan Bible (D, Nev.). The school board is appointed by the United States District Judges for the District of Columbia. Thus, the District's citizens have no political body which is responsive to their criticisms and complaints, except, it now appears, an enlightened court.

Finally, the United States District Court for the District of Columbia is not like an ordinary federal court. When a federal court in, say New York, orders schools desegregated, it must approach its task with the diffidence commanded by the federal system. Its rulings must be anchored in the federal Constitution and laws before it can justify interfering with New York state law and policy. By contrast, the District's courts fulfill the same role for District citizens as do state courts, and are therefore justified in blending constitutional, statutory, common law and public policy considerations to reach the results. Hence, the judge may be justified in assessing the results of Board of Education conduct upon juvenile delinquency, unemployment and other social ills.

Besides, what would Professor Bickel suggest the plantiffs do? Sit in voteless impotence while Superintendent of Schools Hansen played God with the lives and futures of their children until, in the fullness of time, the District achieves home rule? With the growth of the District's poor Negro population, the increase in social problems requiring public attention, and a rising congressional indifference, inaction now means that when (and if) we get home rule, our duly-elected officials will preside over slum, pestilence, famine and ignorance in the midst of the Federal City's official pomp and opulence.

In short, the judiciary was the only body available to hear the plantiff's complaint, and it was, by virtue of its unique position, justified in doing so.

What then, of Judge Wright's opinion? A "jeremiad," "hortatory," says Professor Bickel. The courts, he says, cannot redeem Judge Wright's promises. Judge Wright, one should be careful to note, does not promise to rescue the District school system. He promises only to see that certain constitutional decencies are respected: Don't discriminate on the basis of race or wealth in the allocation of funds; don't use an irrational ethnocentric value system in classifying children; integrate faculties; use underutilized classrooms to aid integration, and so on. The Board and the Superintendent will draw plans to meet these commands. Judge Wright will either approve or disapprove and in the end certain guidelines will be set down in a final decree. By this means, constitutional and legal minima

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will be set. The Board is free to do better than it is ordered to, to do more than it must, to remedy the schools' ugly state.

Professor Bickel's error is in assuming that a judge cannot denounce the conduct of litigants unless he is able to provide a complete remedy. As Professor Bickel's own writings have well-recognized, however, one great purpose of revolutionary judicial utterance-like *Brown v. Board of Education*—is to set at large with official imprimatur ideas which have theretofore gone unspoken. This hortatory function of judging serves at times to legitimize struggle elsewhere in society to attain the ends and put into practice the ideas first set out by judges. Certainly this has been one salutary effect of *Brown*.

Perhaps the court will founder in the task it has set. That, however, is a question of practical wisdom.

Michael E. Tigar
Washington, D. C.

In Reply:

1. The assertion about resources to abolish poverty is self-evident, and I suppose it would ordinarily be trivial or naïve, as well. It seemed to me unhappily relevant here, because in my judgment, Judge Wright *is* trying, not to remove unjust and remediable consequences that the state sometimes visits on the poor because of their poverty, but to abolish poverty itself. And for this reason I thought he was issuing a promise he would be unable to redeem.

2. The statistics on per capita expenditures seem to me to be explained by teacher salary differentials – which do not necessarily prove that there is poorer teaching in the Negro schools – and for the rest to be ambiguous and unconvincing. I did not have and do not have the space to go into detail. Judge Wright's opinion is some 65,000 words long.

3. The track system is a well-intentioned educational policy. I might share Judge Wright's and Mr. Tigar's personal preference for its abandonment, but judges do not sit to enforce in the name of the Constitution their personal predilections in educational policy, about which, in any event, they may know less than one might wish. Judge Wright did not find – despite Mr. Tigar's, and, indeed, his own insinuations – that the track system was instituted or used in order to segregate Negro or poor children, merely that like so much in life, and like many other government programs, it classifies the disadvantaged as disadvantaged, in part at least – whether quite wisely or not – in order to help them. I did not suggest that Judge Wright had decreed an end to all classifications of children for educational purposes, although it is a little difficult to see what kind of a system of classification he would accept.

4. The District Court in Washington does exercise general jurisdiction. But I don't know that this interesting fact changes this particular situation. And in any event, Judge Wright, as when he spoke on the same subject at New York University some time ago, invoked the Constitution, not his general jurisdiction.

5. The District may still be under the yoke of Congress, but Mr. Tigar comes uncommonly close to resting on this regrettable circumstance a justification for a coup d'etat. "The judiciary was the only body available. . . ." I don't mean to be offensive, and I am aware of all the differences, but as an argument in support of action – just action, anyhow and by anybody – this sounds for all the world like some banana-republic junta justifying its takeover.

6. Judge Wright stopped short of finding that the Superintendent maneuvered neighborhood lines in order to segregate schools. He held that *de facto* segregation in a city with a school population of well over 90 percent is unconstitutional, even though nobody did anything to bring this situation about, and even though nobody can do anything to alleviate it without a radical rearrangement of the environment – which the District might well be unable to achieve by itself even if it were self-governing, and which nobody, least of all Judge Wright, knows how to achieve. Mr. Tigar pays me the compliment of having read my books. But I nowhere urged that the judiciary should proclaim goals it does not understand and cannot define.

Alexander M. Bickel

Correspondence

John McNaughton – 1921-1967

Sirs:

One morning from Cambridge I telephoned John McNaughton to tell him that I was going to be in Washington the next day and wanted to see him. There was a major issue which appeared to me, as an outsider, to need some basic rethinking and I wanted to talk with him about it. He told me that his schedule was impossible; that he was booked solid for the next day. After some insistence on my part he invited me to lunch off a tray with him in his office. I was to come at 12:35 and be out by 1:15.

Shortly before 12:30 the next day I was waiting in his outer office, alongside the man with a 12:30 appointment. At 12:30 he went in. At 12:35 he came out, with the paper in his hand apparently approved and signed.

I spent most of our lunch berating John for the split second efficiency with which he was running his office and his life. I suggested that we were looking to him for thinking about what the United States was doing and how it proposed to do it. I used the major issue which had been troubling me as an example and told him that he ought

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to be thinking about that rather than working at such a feverish pace. He asked me to go over and look at his calendar. I told him that I was sure it was filled, but that he really ought to be able to find a few minutes for the important things even if they were not urgent. What was so important that he had to throw me out of his office at exactly 1:15? John smiled. He picked up his calendar and showed it to me. From 1:15 to 5:15 there was not a single appointment. The four hours were bracketed with a note to himself: "No appointments – No interruptions. Think through . . ." and he had written a shorthand phrase for the problem that was on my mind. A week or two ahead John had blocked out four hours for private thinking and he was protecting it from all intrusions. His close scheduling was designed to permit hard thinking, not to avoid it.

John McNaughton thrived in government service. He was a master of the art of getting things done. Cables, memoranda, meetings, agenda, briefing papers, recommendations and decisions were prepared with extraordinary competence and produced on time. To a degree unusual in the government was his continuous search for new ideas and suggestions. He would fly off to meet with behavioral scientists or with students in the hope that he might pick up one new thought.

Even more impressive than his bureaucratic skill and his openness to new ideas, was the rigor and clarity of his mind. He insisted on knowing exactly what he himself thought – at least if it had any operational significance. Beside his desk as Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs was a small stand of highly classified notebooks. Buried within these were some carefully drafted memoranda prepared for nobody but himself. Here he worked out with analytical precision a wide range of alternative definitions of US objectives, alternative strategies, and the competing considerations which should be taken into account in approaching a decision. He had done more sustained thinking about the case for withdrawal from Vietnam than anyone I know outside the government who favored that course. He had also more carefully considered the possible benefits of escalation than those who favored that course.

John was more the staff man for the Secretary of Defense than he was the spokesman for his own office. He was an expert at dealing within the realm of the possible. If it seemed certain that an idea would not now be accepted, he would bide his time. Rather than advancing it to face an early demise he would carefully begin to lay the groundwork. Rationality was his guide to a degree that often struck others as irrational.

With his death, the management of international conflict is subject to a little less control than it was – a little less reason. The rational course of action is to look to the future, not to the past. The rational thing to do is to think hard about what can be done, and then do it. Without John McNaughton that task is more difficult.

Roger Fisher
Cambridge, Mass.

California Politics

Sirs:

. . . The political facts of life in California challenge what I believe to be Mr. Kopkind's major underlying assumption, ("Reagan, Ex-Radical," July 15), which is that it does not really matter what sort of candidate either of the major parties gets into office, because essential power remains in the hands of the "Establishment," the "Power Structure" or the "Corporatists," all nearly synonomous terms to Mr. Kopkind. . . . He assumes that while things are not very good, they are not too bad. Although one cannot expect very much enlightened government from Reagan, one should not fear the worst. Ironically, the intelligent and tough-minded Mr. Kopkind is guilty of an optimism not justified by the current political situation in California.

Despite Reagan's relenting somewhat, despite the steady opposition of Mr. Unruh who is a University of California Regent as well as Speaker of the Assembly, and despite the opposition of the "Establishment," higher education has been seriously hurt in many ways by Mr. Reagan's budget cuts. Research funds have been cut, faculty recruiting is going slowly, especially at the state colleges which were already cramped for funds before Reagan took office, building programs have been delayed or cancelled, and teacher-pupil ratios will be increased. The university is without a president, primarily because no qualified candidate with any integrity will take the job because of political interference within the internal affairs of the university.

The situation in the state mental hospitals is far worse. Governor Reagan has slashed approximately $15,000,000 (8%) from this budget despite fervid, sustained, and nearly unanimous opposition from doctors, the mass media, and the "Establishment." So far over 700 technicians have been fired with more to come, in addition hundreds of the more capable workers are migrating to other states to avoid the risk of a later firing, or more immediately to escape the extra work loads and administrative chaos. Care has deteriorated, morale is low, and patients suffer helplessly or else are kept in a kind of perpetual stupor by drugs. One hospital (Dewitt, located in Auburn, California) now has only 78c/day on which to feed each patient and has cut them to two meals per day.

The future may be even bleaker. Suppose Reagan is not able to win the vice-presidential or presidential nomination next year; 1968 will be a great year for the Republicans in any case. Republicans will very likely win control of the legislature in California by sizeable margins. . . . Unruh's power will end, the Democratic party will be weakened, and Governor Reagan may then complete the revolution now temporarily delayed. The millions in California who are on welfare, mentally ill, educators, students, workers not in unions, Negroes, and Mexican-Americans would find that pragmatists and opportunists can move Right as well as Left, especially after they learn to play the political game. Ask Mayor Yorty of Los Angeles.

George D. Moss, Jr.
Berkeley, Calif.

. . . Andrew Kopkind appears bemused because Gov. Reagan has not established a Fascist dictatorship in his first six months in office, and interprets this as a retreat from the rhetoric of the Radical Right. Rather, it seems to this

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California voter, that Gov. Reagan is implementing the Radical Right platform as rapidly as he can package it for mass-consumption. He has wrapped some of his most rightist maneuvers in the saleable slogan of "governmental economy and efficiency." Thus, people who might flinch at starving the retarded, or bludgeoning higher education, are told the state (richer than all but five *countries* in the world) "cannot afford" such luxuries as three meals a day for mental patients and books in college libraries. It is a slick Mad Ave approach, and it seems popular (75 percent of the voters approve, says the California Poll), but it is *not* moderation, Mr. Kopkind!

Thomas J. Cummins
Oakland, Calif.

Kauffmann, *from page 28*

with the last forty years of Santayana's increasingly aloof and non-American life. This analysis of American culture is as pertinent today as ever (in contrast with his essay on young radicals, which is now useless). Santayana says that the literary tradition we study is based on cultures irrelevant to us, that our study of Virgil would astonish Virgil himself who was writing out of and for a live, embracing culture. He enjoins us to build American art on American life, not merely to append "ideal interests" to practical life.

> "In so far as you do so, you merely chill your practice, making it vulgar, unfruitful in liberal traditions, while at the same time you keep your ideality visionary and thin. The remedy, which it will take centuries to make thoroughly efficacious, but which everyone may apply in a measure for himself, is simply to deepen practical life, to make it express all its possible affinities, all its latent demands. Were that done, we should find ourselves in unexpected and spontaneous harmony with the traditions which we might seem to have disregarded. . . . If we then read Virgil, having come round to him in the natural development of our interest for all things human, we should love him for celebrating so loyally things also interesting to us. . . . All traditions have been founded on practice: in practice the most ideal of them regain their authority, when practice really deals with reality, and faces the world squarely, in the interests of the whole soul."

It is relevant comment in the age of the Culture Explosion when Bartok and Brecht are being impasted on Sandusky and Seattle and many believe that culture has been achieved thereby. But ten years afterward, at a relatively early age, the author of these remarks gave up any part in the making of the new culture and retired to one already established. I do not (I hope) naïvely accuse him of betrayal; I simply note an irony.

He wrote with much more frankness about America after he had departed. In 1922 he said of his intellectual life while he had been in this country, "I managed it after a fashion . . . because I was conscious of being a foreigner with my essential breathing tubes to other regions," a revelation (so far as I know) he did not make while he was here. Evidently, then, this large man had some mortal-size components in him, including an element that can be described either as reasonable prudence or guile. In the happiest interpretation, these American essays are the discerning travel notes of a visitor who happened to stay for forty years.

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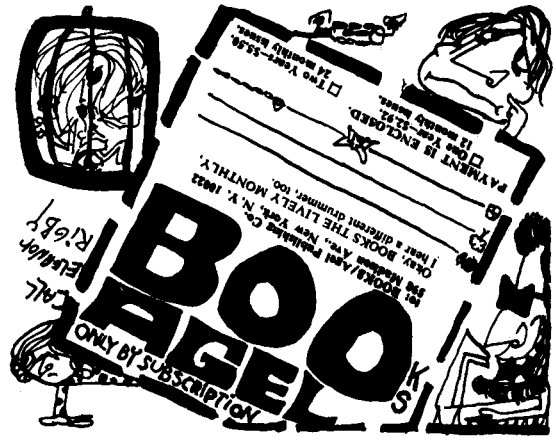

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—Arthur C. Clarke: "The last 20 minutes of 'Space Odyssey: 2001' will put the LSD boys out of business."
—Armageddon: The end of the world as masterminded by S-F writers.
—Books are excellent self-defense weapons. They can be quickly struck at an attacker's throat, face, eyes.
—A happy ending is being produced and spliced in the film adaptation of John Cheever's memorable short story, "The Swimmer."
—Irving Mansfield wears a button that reads, "I'm her husband," her being Jackie ("Valley of the Dolls") Susann.
—First line of the McLuhan LP, "The Medium is the Massage," is, "How do you like it so far?"
—George Plimpton can't swim.
—A Texas book salesman: "Twiggy? She mustn't be a Southern girl. I don't know her."
—Rex Reed profiles Rex Reed: "The only two I ever interviewed whom I detested were Streisand and Antonioni, who I also exposed as two of the biggest phonies of our era."
—Antonioni may make an American version of "Blow-up." He's scouted locations in Texas and San Francisco.
—If you have any questions, call New York's mantra chanting Hindu at 212—929-8524.
—Two weeks in the county jail were the best vacation she ever had.
—Andy Warhol is making his film version of Snow White, with Donyale Luna, the $60-an-hour Negro model, playing Miss White.
—Larry Gore: "Of the 659 casualties announced by the Israelis, only 159 are real casualties. The rest are pledges."
—Bob Dylan was at the last Cassius Clay fight in Texas.
—Joan Rivers: "I don't think my husband was overjoyed to learn that I was pregnant. When I telephoned and told him, he put me on hold."
—Norman Ollestad, "Inside the FBI": "Assassinations of Presidents can easily occur. The FBI is watching intellectuals with button-down collars when it should be watching the Oswalds."
—Al Capp walked out on a Princeton symposium because he was "bored" by the students.
—Pete Hamill, planning a new Manhattan weekly, was turned down by Superman's copyright owner when he applied for the title "Daily Planet."
—Bobby Kennedy: "When Reagan is President, who's going to defend me for knowing Jack Newfield?"
—Drop City: "We are sort of advanced junkmen."
—The monster expert: A horrible way to make a living.
—Drew Pearson's upcoming novel, "Senator," backstairs Washington, to be written with Gerald Green. $150,000 deal.
—Pantheon's "Sex and Society in Sweden," the sex book you give your children.
—Norman Mailer of course plays a gangster in his quickie-made movie.
—Otto Preminger engages Timothy Leary as a consultant.
—Religious book editor: "The more God dies the better He sells."
—Birth is a coward's way out.
—Henry Geldzahler: "It is perhaps Time magazine that has done the most to foster nonsense about American art of the past two decades."
—109 Dubuquers read The New Yorker.
—Idaho's homosexual scandals, "The Boys of Boise."
—Eric Hoffer, the true believer: "The Negro revolution is a fraud. It has no faith in the character and potentialities of the Negro masses."
—Susan Sheehan: "'Ten Vietnamese' is my first book, so I expected its publication to be a festive occasion. But all I heard from the Knopf office was what the discount price was. It's all been very disappointing."
—In a midnight carriage ride through Central Park, Marshall McLuhan coached Pamela Tiffin for her bitch role in the Broadway revival of "Dinner at Ate."
—Humphrey Osmond, Princeton's psychedelic expert: "Not too long in the future vast groups will have to be suspended, and they might as well be suspended with happy thoughts."
—Professor Marcuse, "the most beautiful man in America today."
—Transcript of 10-year-old Lesley Downey being murdered on the Moors.
—The Carnegie Corporation reportedly removed from a recent report its researchers' consensus that ETV is a sinking ship.
—Mark ("Rush to Judgment") Lane's next book will be on the removal of Japanese-Americans from West Coast cities during WWII.
—You mean, life isn't a cabaret?

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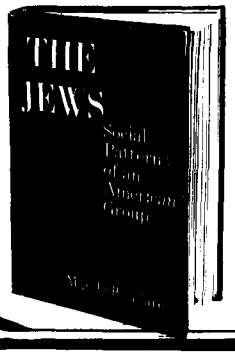

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